俺がお嬢様学校に「庶民サンプル」として拉致られた件

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どんな嘘でも信じてしまうツンピュアなお嬢様(ぼっち)
天空橋愛佳
拉致された俺
神楽坂公人
超天才＋どこでもパンツ脱ぐお嬢様
汐留白亜
実は可愛いもの好きな剣術お嬢様
神領可憐
愛佳「こうすれば入るわよ！」
公人「ちょっ、押すな！　くっつきすぎ！」
愛佳「何よ、白亜にも言いなさいよ！」
白亜「状況に応じた適切な処置」
公人「あーもう、撮るぞ？」
可憐「わ……私も入れて……」

「だったら、あたしも《能力者》になるわ！」
マンガの設定を丸呑みで信じてしまった愛佳に、俺は――
「じゃあ、さっそく特訓しないとな？（しれっ）」
「そうね！　どうするの!?」
「自分に秘められた《化身（アバター）》を覚醒させ、契約するんだ」
「なるほど。まんがに書いてあったわ」
こくこく
うなずき、
「こうねっ？」
「いや、こうだ」
俺は、愛佳に『ゲッツ！』のポーズをとらせた。
「……まんがと違わない？」
「お前の場合は、こうなんだ。お前は庶民じゃない。お嬢様だろ？」
「なるほど。そうだわ」

Prologue: Welcome, Commoner

“This man, Kagurazaki Kimito, will henceforth be Seikain’s [Commoner Sample].”

Head Maid Kujou-san announced into the microphone.

They were in a spacious, high-ceilinged, and indeed very dignified looking wooden auditorium.

Ojou-samas from various renowned families looked up to the stage with twinkling eyes, observing my frozen-stiff self.

Behind me was a banner that read [Commoner Explanatory Meeting ~ Welcome, Commoner ~].
In front of me, the entire student body— from kindergarten to junior college— was neatly lined up in rows sitting on wooden chairs with absolutely perfect posture, such that anyone would instantly recognize their extraordinary upbringing.

“…So that’s a commoner…”

Someone murmured softly, and their voice carried up to the slightly-arced plaster ceiling.

These super-sheltered girls had never been outside of the school, so both men and commoners were completely alien existences to them.

All of their attention was fixated onto me, and their curiosity was causing the tension in the hall to rise. The degree to which their eyes were sparkling dealt me a direct hit.

This was ‘Seikain Girls School’.

It aimed to train the daughters of noble families to shape them into pure ‘Yamato Nadeshiko[1]‘.

It was the ultimate school for ojou-samas; assembling young ladies for them to spend every day disconnected from worldly life.

This was the school I would be attending from this day onwards.

“Now then, is there anyone who would care to ask this commoner a question?”

As soon as Kujou-san asked, the hall became abuzz with noise——

“”””””””””””YES!”””””””””””””

All of the ojou-samas raised their hands at once.

But they were minding their manners deeply; raising their hands with elegant movements and preserving perfectly correct postures. They didn’t add any uncalled for utterances to the affirmation either. And yet, their faces emitted a full-throttle ‘Please choose me!’ aura with their eyes shooting wishful ‘beams’ towards Head Maid Kujou-san.

“In that case, let us allow the commoner to call upon someone.”

“EEEH—?!”

Suddenly, they all looked my way.

Their pure gazes glittered like stars.

Me, me! Pick me! I want to ask something! I want to learn about commoners!

I was dazzled by the sparkling-pure curiosity of girls from kindergarten through junior college.

These girls had never seen a commoner like me before.

“……”

I had gone stiff as stone in the face of their vigor; sweat streamed down my forehead.

…So, how did I get into this mess?

That story begins on the morning before last.

“Let me kiss you!”

Ah, wait.

That actually happened a bit later.

It left quite the impression on me, so I recalled it unintentionally.

By the way, this young lady is Tenkuubashi Aika.

Due to certain circumstances, she had been forced into solitude in this school.

She pleaded me to help her solve those circumstances with a certain favor, but… well, we'll get there eventually.

Yesterday morning…

Notes

1. '*Yamato Nadeshiko*': The ideal Japanese woman. See on Wikipedia.

Chapter 1 - And I'm Not?

My classroom was under siege by terrorists.

It was April; around the time that high school tutorials ended and real studying had begun to bare its fangs.

So tired… so exhausted… and it's Tuesday. I hate Tuesday's schedule. This is the worst. As I thought that absentmindedly during homeroom—— I heard the sound of heavy footsteps running in perfect sync from the corridor. It came from innumerable approaching shadows.

FWUUM—! They threw open the door and streamed into the classroom.

The men wore uniforms like special forces and formed a line in front of the blackboard—it was plain as day that they were no amateurs.

"Silence. Keep quiet."

The man in the middle demanded.

He had a calm tone akin to those terrorist masterminds that I'd seen in movies; it sent shivers down my spine.

Our homeroom teacher froze behind the podium. We didn't move either. Some of the girls started crying.

"K-Kimito…"

Behind me, my childhood friend Ery pulled on my uniform.

"Be Ery's shield."

Even at times like these you're amazing in a way.

But then…

"…Yare, yare. Seems like it's time to show you my true powers, huh?"

In the seat in front of me, Yamanaka stood up languidly.

T-True powers…?

Never standing out during usual classes, it was the very two-simple-characters-Yamanaka[1]— usually either sleeping or gazing out the

window— who walked up to the terrorists, aloof from the world and full of confidence.

Y-You couldn't possibly…

Is it that he only pretends to be ordinary, but is actually a superhero? Or did he suddenly awaken a hidden power the moment he was faced with the dangers of this terror attack? Is he one of those 'chosen characters'?

And I'm not?

"Hehe… GUEEEH—!"

Yamanaka was restrained within two seconds.

YAMANAKAAAAA——!

Speaking of which, I recall him having just joined the karate club…

Nobody else was even trying to make a move and the only noise was coming from Yamanaka apologizing sincerely in some fake Kansai dialect, 'Mah bad'—— when suddenly…

A maid entered.

A. Maid.

First of all, she emitted a real-deal aura.

That is to say, if you compared her to the maids you'd see in Akiba for example, the quality of the uniform she was wearing and the atmosphere around her were completely different. I gulped— along with my classmates.

She seemed a tad younger than me. Her hair was cut into an even bob and her youthful eyes were a beautiful deep black. She had the grace of a princess coupled with an ice-thorned air, how should I put it… the term 'Super S Porcelain Doll[2]' came to mind.

This girl.

She closed in on me—— and said:

"Kagurazaki Kimito. Your acquisition has been completed."

Notes

1. His name uses the kanji for mountain and middle, which have few strokes (山中).

2. The term used is “Super S” and a certain type of doll you can find in Japan (and maybe someplace else). Look at Google’s results to get an idea here. Picture that with a “Super S” look.

Chapter 2 - It Smells So Good

I had been abducted.

Blindfolded, hands tied together, and thrown into the rear seat of a car.

I was trembling.

Why's this happening?! What are they gonna do to me?!

And why are they forcing me to use what feels like a macho man's lap as a pillow?! And why's he caressing my butt with his strangely sticky hands?! What's gonna happen to me?!

I continued to tremble in fear.

"You may remove his restraints now."

The maid said from the front seat.

With a hint of regret, the muscular macho man stopped molesting me with his big filthy hands and proceeded to remove the rope and blindfold.

The macho man I had been made to use as a lap pillow had a stunningly good looks and the blue clothes he was wearing seemed to be some sort of corps uniform.

Confronted by his inviting smile, I averted my gaze with all my might and looked out the window instead.

All I could see outside were spacious fields and distant mountains.

We couldn't have been travelling for more than a couple of hours. Japan was covered with this type of scenery and even though it was thought to be a crowded place, there was a huge bunch of unpopulated areas. Anyone who had lived in the Japanese countryside for any amount of time will understand.

How long has it been? I put my hand into my pocket and—— realized my phone was gone.

"I humbly confiscated it."

The maid in the front seat said. She had introduced herself as Kujou Miyuki earlier.

I could see her cold eyes in the reflection of the rear-vision mirror.

“I will return it later. You yourself, and everything you possess, will serve as our students’ precious [Sample].”

“[Sample]…?”

“I will explain after we have arrived. Please, try to relax for a little longer.”

She said and signaled something to the macho man with her eyes.

Gyuu—♥

I was suddenly bearhugged by some massive muscles.

“HIII—?!”

OH GOD NOOO! SO HARD! SO BIG! ***IT SMELLS SO GOOD!*** *WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?!*

“Please calm down—— Hug him tighter, please.”

squeeeeeeeeeeeze—♥

“WHYYYYYYY?!”

While entombed by his pectoralis major muscle and biceps, I feared I’d never awake from this cruel reality that was far worse than any nightmare when suddenly—— the car stopped.

In front of a tunnel.

There was no asphalt either; it seemed to lead up to a mountain road that you would normally pass by without noticing.

The front and rear doors of the car were immediately flung open. The chauffeur, as well as the guy who had been embracing me so very lovingly, got out.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

The men called out, and two substitutes boarded in their stead: two maids.

Those who had gotten out got into another car which had pulled up behind us.

Inside this car, for a complete change, everyone but me was now female.

“Head Maid, would it sit well with you to depart now?”

The maid who climbed into the driver's seat asked Kujou Miyuki.

"Please do."

Could this girl, this 'Head Maid' be someone… important?

The car started to move again—— and entered the tunnel.

Amber lamps passed by one after another.

It looked so tidy that it seemed unimaginable that they were heading to some remote location.

Nobody said a word.

I felt slightly uncomfortable with the change of atmospheric pressure pressing onto my ears, and I tensed up even more.

——*Where in the world are we going…?*

I looked at the maid sitting beside me. She was so beautiful that I wouldn't have been surprised to find her appearing in a magazine.

When she became aware of my stare, she smiled at me. I was so startled that I quickly shifted my gaze to the front of the car.

I had no clue what was happening right now.

What's… gonna happen to me?

Eventually, I could see the exit up ahead.

What awaited us after the long tunnel was——

An academy.

The scenery spread out before us down a gentle slope.

It was completely surrounded by mountains. It appeared to be a basin; on an excessively spacious stretch of land surrounded by this natural wall. There were numerous buildings, grassy lawns, tennis courts, gardens, Japanese architecture, a horse ranch, and even a lake with yachts moored on it.

The lake was the same color as the sky and one seemed to blend into the other.

We slowly advanced down the the stone-paved road, lined by towering green trees.

Eventually we came to a big gate.

It feels like… right, like something you would see at one of those super-prestigious European schools, I guess?

But although it gives off that impression, it also has a bunch of hints of traditional Japan. I guess it's like it has the feeling of the Meiji era, or maybe Taisho?

"This is Seikain Girls School," Kujou Miyuki announced, "The academy you will be attending from now on."

……Huh?

Chapter 3 - I Really Looooove Muscles

“Kimachi Sayuri. High school girl[1]♥”

The headmistress who, no matter how you looked at it, was about to enter her 30’s, declared so with a simple-minded smile on her face.

She’s a ‘Boke’ that’s going to be a pain to deal with.

…Currently, I was inside the headmistress’ office.

It was a dignified and elegant room; decorated with all intertwining white, gold, and dark grey, it dazzled my eyes.

And the suited-up woman who’d been waiting for me in there was the headmistress.

With her soft and comfortable aura, she felt more like a kindergarten teacher than a headmistress. However, she emitted an overall— almost otherworldly— grace, that let me ascertain the difference in our upbringing.

A very beautiful person.

But: definitely close to her thirties.

“……”

In this situation, the Tsukommi in me was on hiatus, so I couldn’t come up with anything.

“Oi・Oi♪”

The headmistress Tsukommi’d herself. With a cute gesture, she put her hand out slightly. Up to that point, she had been going on by herself.

“And, Kagurazaka-kun?”

She continued talking as if nothing had happened.

“It looks like Miyuki-chan’s methods were a tad over-the-top. Please forgive us, okay?”

Miyuki-chan—— the Kujou-san who had kidnapped me, was

currently on standby next to the headmistress.

“Originally, Miyuki-chan was supposed to meet Kagurazaka-kun by herself, give you a proper explanation of our situation here, and then invite you.”

“Eh?!”

Then what the heck was that terrorist assault and the personal trauma I experienced in the car about?!

“She tends to get uneasy when she goes out alone.”

I don’t recall Miyuki-chan being scared at all.

“If so, then why in the world did you take an army with you?!”

“Miyuki-chan, please apologize to Kagurazaka-kun, okay?”

Kujou-san turned towards me and slowly lowered her head, saying:

“I sincerely apologize for my misconduct.”

……Tch.

Huh? Did she just click her tongue?

“T-That aside, what situation are you talking about?! Why have you dragged me here?!”

“I was going to give an explanation of it just now, so please quiet down, **himote**[2].”

“Himote?!”

“I beg your pardon. It was a slip of the tongue.”

“First off, explain to me how that ‘slip of the tongue’ came to be!”

Hair flick “According to our data, you have no experience with the opposite sex.”

……Damnit!!

“I also have a study here which suggests that the number of girls who have feelings for you is zero.”

“Waaaah?!”

“Miyuki-chan, what’s a ‘himote’?”

“The term ‘himote’ is a word that originated in the early 2000’s on 2c**n and is an internet term meaning——”

“Stop it already! Explanation! You were going to explain the

circumstances of this place to me! Right?!”

Towards my entreaty, Kujou-san heaved a heavy sigh as if she was doing me a favor——

“This is Seikain Girls’ School. We take care of the daughters of various renowned families. An educational institution which upholds tradition and social standards to transform young women into splendid Yamato Nadeshikos.”

She explained.

“In this secluded place, we are given the responsibility to bring those young ladies up with a pure mind, etiquette, and a refinement befitting their social position.”

…So to say, an ojou-sama school.

“It’s a special place with a long history and is obscured from the general public.”

“Obscured… it’s kept a secret? Why?”

Kujou-san sighed bluntly.

“What?!”

“Nothing at all.”

That felt really bad. Why would she do that?

“We have to protect our students from the inquisitive eyes of society as well as criminals who are out to kidnap them. In order to prevent that, this place was built on a solitary island surrounded by mountains. Also, thanks to government cooperation, this place does not appear on *any* public map. All geographical information, including internet services, are being manipulated.”

“Government…?”

“It’s due to the parents of our numerous renowned families enforcing their influences. Isn’t it obvious?”

Kujou-san said immediately.

“There are several locations in this country that aren’t on any map, but we’re the only school among them.”

The headmistress said, almost as if she was talking about a pet she was proud of…

Manipulating Google Maps… isn't that a bit too *amazing?*

"This is a school for renowned families by renowned families. A place that could certainly be called a 'modern day aristocratic school'."

Kujou-san said with a proud look on her face.

"In a place that can't be reached by the world in its entirety, young ladies, who have been under supervision since childhood, conform to tradition and are carefully raised. Transforming them into pure and splendid Yamato Nadeshikos and then letting them leave the nest is the goal of this school."

"……"

I had the hunch that I was seeing—— a completely different world.

This room as well was totally different from anything I had seen before, its high class and dignity were blinding; it was another reality. That's the kind of feeling it had to it. *This is what they call elite, huh…*

"Why… am I in this kinda place…?"

Kujou-san took my question on:

"Naturally, men are prohibited. Everyone, including the staff, is female. There *had* never been any exceptions."

Past tense…?

Thereupon, the headmistress and Kujou-san exchanged glances with mixed expressions.

"In recent years, a certain problem surfaced."

"Problem?"

"Yes."

Kujou-san nodded with a serious expression.

"More and more cases have emerged where our graduates were overwhelmed by the differences in the outside world. They became **hikikomoris, and succumbed to online video games**."

They had broken down.

"Among them had been a young lady who established the supercomputer Fuji II, which was used exclusively for online games."

“What are you doing, ojou-sama?!”

“This served as a starting point for other young ladies to also build supercomputers and it developed into a specification war where our graduates competed for the highest benchmarks.”

“The industry has made great profits, you know, Miyuki-chan?”

“That’s the sole relief.”

“THAT AIN’T NO RELIEF! PEOPLE COMPETING OVER SOME BENCHMARKS AREN’T EVEN OJOU-SAMAS YOU’D EXPECT IN A BUTLER CAFÉ ANYMORE!”

“We uneasily watched our many graduates turning into people beyond return (from the internet), and thus decided to alter this school’s curriculum. For example, the university department for seniors had the idea to change the contents of the ‘Graduation Practice ~First television viewing~’ from ‘Okaa-san to *sho’ to the radical ‘Pytha*ra Switch’[3]. However, some said ‘Isn’t Pyt*agora Switch going a bit too far?’ and differing opinions emerged which created a divide between the members.”

“We even started to use the ‘Precure’ homepage for internet practice as a graduation curriculum, things like that, you know?”

“Headmistress. This reminds me that a problem has come to light with the users of that homepage’s forum.”

“Oh dear, what’s happened?”

“Stop! There’s too many things to Tsukkomi to!”

“These days, the gap between the outside world and Seikain has become too big, hasn’t it?”

The headmistress nonchalantly said.

Following up on what they’ve just said, have the ojou-samas here never even TV or used the internet before?

I’ve come to an amazing place… I shuddered once again.

“——And as a part of the revisioning, you were summoned, too.”

“Me…?”

Kaijou-san nodded.

“After graduation, although they may be young maiden’s raised in the

upper echelons, the world they go out to is one that they haven't had any experience with. To avoid a serious shock at that time, it is imperative that they grow 'immune' to it."

"On the other hand, if we overdo it we get our priorities backwards, right?"

"For this reason, we've discussed the best method to overcome the problems at hand. While keeping the traditions of this school in mind, we wondered how much change we could allow for the utmost betterment of the students. Hence…"

"We decided to invite one person from the masses."

The headmistress took over.

"Getting a chance to talk about the world and studying together, 'Isn't that just the best way for them to get used to the real world?' or so we thought. And if it's with a guy, then that's killing two birds with one stone♪"

"Also, having an extremely low immunity to the opposite sex caused occasional problems. In order to settle that issue…"

She pointed at me.

"You were selected to be our school's—— [Commoner Sample]."

"……"

…So far, I understood their reasoning.

"But why me…?"

"'Kagurazaka Kimito. Born October 6th. Age 15. First-year at a public high school.'"

She started reading out loud from a file she had brought with her from somewhere.

"'Entrance Examination results were roughly average. Other entries on this are also average. Hobby is cooking and has a diligent nature. Known as an obliging person, and in middle school received the nickname 'Sebastian'.'"

Uwa, they seriously investigated me.

"'His scores from evaluating his virtues as a [commoner] make him eligible to be a sample. And above all else—— he possesses one overwhelmingly excellent trait that the other contenders lacked.'"

Eh? Do I really have something like that?

“‘That is…’”

W-What could it be… (waku~waku[4])

“‘He is **attracted to men**.’”

“Wha—?!”

“In addition, he feels no sexual arousal from anything besides macho bodies, a so-called muscle fetish. He is a serious homose——”

“HOLD IIIIIIIIIIT!!”

“What is it?”

“WHO ARE YOU SAYING HAS A MUSCLE FETISH?!”

“Am I mistaken?”

“Just what made you think that?!”

“‘Does not have any contact with women on a regular basis and always spends time together with men.’”

“…Don’t make those assumptions from just that!!”

“The deciding factor was the testimony of your childhood friend Hanae Eri. A maid disguised as a student confirmed your orientation with a, ‘Yep. Sure is,’ from her.”

“This dam—!”

“I was mistaken when I called you a himote earlier. I have to correct myself, allow me to apologize.”

“Don’t do that!!”

I refuted her with all my strength.

“In any case, it’s a misunderstanding!!”

“…So you’re saying this ‘muscle fetish’ part is a mistake then?”

“That’s right!”

“So when I supplied you with a macho man to relieve some of the stress of the sudden travel, that was a mistake?”

“So that was the reasoning behind that torture?!”

“…That’s not good.”

The headmistress’ face darkened.

“Yes. This is an exceedingly grave state of affairs.”

“…What’s the matter?”

“Kagurazaka-sama. We’ve given sufficient explanation that this is a special girls school, correct?”

“Yeah… I don’t mind to leave, of course. Rather, I’d like to go home as quickly as——”

“If you don’t have a muscles fetish, then we will either have to make you live on another ‘not appearing on any map’ place for the rest of your life in order to protect the secrecy of this school, or, if you wish to stay here instead, we must protect the chastity of the young ladies and cut off your—”

“I REALLY LOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOVE MUSCLES!!”

“Hearing that gives me peace of mind.”

“How fortunate that Kagurazaka-kun likes men.”

“You are mistaken, Headmistress. He loves macho men. He’s limited to muscles only.”

…It’s been a while since I’ve really wanted to cry.

“Ah, by the way, Kagurazaka-kun, your transfer here’s already done, okay?”

“A member of our staff has also explained everything to your family. As compensation, your house will receive a large scale renovation.”

“Looks like your bath will be turned into an outdoor hot spring. Isn’t that nice?”

…It’s not nice at all!!

I can’t even go in there!!

Notes

1. Parody of “Seventeen Year Old Religion”, founded by a famous voice actress Inoue Kikuko, the religion only admits followers who are over 17 years and 156 months old (meaning 30 years old). A follower always introduces themselves as “seventeen years old.”

2. A term certain Japanese men give themselves, basically means ‘unpopular’

with the opposite sex.

3. Japanese TV shows for children, Okaa-san to Issho & Pythagora Switch.
4. Onomatopaeia for excitement/heart thumping.

Chapter 4 - I Shall Write Up a Letter of Gratitude

The chime rang.

Looking at the clock on the desk, it was probably lunch break.

“Well then, you shall be introduced to the students now.”

Kujou-san said.

“Introduced?”

“Yes. To the young ladies of the first year high school class that you have been enrolled in.”

At that moment…

…*knock*knock*

A gentle knocking echoed.

“Yes?”

[It’s Arisugawa. All of my fellow first-year high school division students are here with me.]

It was the pretty voice of a girl, ringing like a majestic bell.

Kujou-san turned to open the door.

“Kagurazaka-san.”

The headmistress gently said.

“Most of these students haven’t talked to any men other than their fathers and they have never met a commoner before. Please don’t stir them up too much, okay?”

“……”

Kujou-san turned the knob and drew the door open.

My chest was throbbing due to nervousness. I hadn’t seen anything even close to ojou-samas my whole life. Plus, they had been sheltered and didn’t know anything about the real world… They were likely that kind of ojou-samas.

On the other side of the doorway were—— rows of girls in school

uniforms.

Yeah, nothing compares, huh…

An atmosphere essentially different from that of the girls in my former class.

Their countenance, cleanly straightened backs, even up to their fingers—all came together one by one like a puzzle, perfectionated a dignified aura. I was enchanted in an instant.

The young ladies slowly… entered.

Their posture was something else. Their grace was something else. I couldn't even hear their footsteps.

There were approximately 30 of them in rows of six, and they stopped in the middle of the room.

I was—— overwhelmed.

"Arisugawa-san."

"Yes."

The girl standing at the head of the rows answered the headmistress.

"This is the commoner we've invited to this academy. Please, greet him."

"Certainly."

After a gentle bow, she faced and walked towards me ever so quietly.

After she was about one meter away from me, she firmly stopped. Following a moderate pause,

"I am the high school division's committee president, Arisugawa Reiko."

The ojou-sama among ojou-samas—— is what popped into my head.

From her bewitching, softly-curled hair, over her beautifully balanced curves, lovely fingers, and down to her toes, everything about her overflowed with elegance and grace.

She was more beautiful than anyone. Her smile was like a white rose, allowing me to feel her pure and gentle heart, that nothing in

this world could make lose its temper.

“If it so pleases you, please take care of me.”

I was too scared. I leaked a gasp towards that beauty’s behavior

before I knew it.

While I stood there bewitched, she had kept herself in a 45 degree bow, before finally restoring her posture.

Our eyes met. In an instant—— Arisugawa-san's cheeks dyed a deep red and she cast her eyes down.

Her eyes moistened seemingly unknowing what she was supposed to do and she expressed a bashful smile.

An utmost innocent ojou-sama. Is what I thought.

"E… Ehm, I'm Kagurazaka Kimito."

In that instant, the atmosphere in the room suddenly tensed.

There were hints of the ojou-samas behind her acting up.

"…I…"

"He said 'I[1]'…"

"It seems like commoner gentlemen really refer to themselves like that…"

Amazing…

They whispered among themselves.

And for some reason, they looked at me with their eyes sparkling.

"…?"

They seemed to be unable to resist staring and an aura of restlessness was emanating from them. Their curiosity towards me seemed to be the cause and that they conveyed with an incredible force.

"Everyone."

Arisugawa-san cleared her throat with a small cough and the Ojou-samas quickly quieted down.

Pirirriri… (Ringtone)

That sound—my cell phone? I felt my pocket, *Ah, which reminds me, wasn't it confiscated by Kujou-san——*

Zawazawazawa…!

The Ojou-samas started murmuring loudly.

“W-What was that?!”

“What was that sound?!”

“E-Everyone, please calm down!”

At that moment, Kujou-san took my cell phone out of her apron.

When they saw the source of the ringing, they became noisy again.

With a face that seemed just about to cry, Arisugawa-san said,

“K-Kujou-san. Just… what in the world might it be?”

“This item is called a ‘cell phone’ that I have confiscated from the commoner over there.”

“Cell… phone?”

“As you can see, it’s a handy telephone device that you’re able to carry around. They are widely used in society.”

Just as she said that.

“Wah!” the ojou-samas rushed over.

“A telephone?!”

“This?!”

They surrounded Kujou-san and fixed their eyes on my phone in Kujou-san’s hand.

“To think that such a thin and small object could be a phone…”

“Of course it’s not. Kujou-san must be trying to get the better of us, right?”

“That’s right. This is not what a phone looks like.”

…Do they… really not know about cell phones…?

No way, can the ojou-samas here even be disconnected that much…?

Beep Kaijou-san pressed the answer button.

[Where the hell are you right now?!]

Even from over here I could clearly hear the voice of my childhood friend, Ery.

[What does that mean ‘transferred’? I don’t get it and I won’t allow it. I’m done checking the script, so come over after school, make tea ‘n

clean, alright? Ah, while we're at it, go buy some Jaga*ko[2] too. The carbonara flavor (laughing)]

The voice of my abusive childhood friend reverberated in this high class place. I felt embarrassed that these ojou-samas were hearing something that I had no excuse for. By the way, the carbonara flavor had been discontinued for quite some time at this point.

"It… It really is!!"

"I can hear a voice!!"

With a 'Wah!', the ojou-samas became rowdy.

[……]

Ery conveyed her speechlessness.

Kaijou-san faced the cell phone towards Arisugawa-san.

Arisugawa-san timidly brought her face closer and said,

"H… Hello?"

As if it was some experiment from back when the telephone was first invented, the ojou-samas were enveloped by it.

[……Who's this?]

"! It went through!!"

There were high pitched shrills of joy. 'This is amazing! This is amazing!' they yelled out repeatedly.

"I am pleased to meet you! My name is Arisugawa Reiko!"

"……Huh……?"

"Reiko-sama! I want to chat too!"

"I do too! By all means!"

"Everyone, we're scaring the other side—— I'm terribly sorry for troubling you. To tell you the truth, it's the first time for any of us to hear about this thing you call a 'cell phone conversation'. I feel terribly embarrassed."

[……]

"I am really envious to think that commoners would have this kind of wonderful thing. I am deeply moved. Following this, I wonder if it is fate. By all means, may I know your na…"

clack—— The call ended.

“Hello? ……Hello?”

As Arisugawa-san repeated herself again, the other girls watched attentively.

“…She hung up.”

The young ladies became uneasy and heaved ‘My…’s.

“What might have happened?”

“Hanging up so suddenly is no common thing.”

“Could… her health suddenly have worsened?”

“Oh no! Ooh, what should we do…!”

“I will write a get-well letter!”

“How heartrending! If only I could be in her stead…!”

“Everyone, please stay calm.”

The second Arisugawa-san said that—— everyone quieted down immediately.

“Surely she must’ve had some important business to attend to. However, she did seem healthy.”

And everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

“If Reiko-sama says so, then there can be no mistaking it.”

“Well then, everyone, let us pray that her business goes well.”

“”””””Yes, Reiko-sama.”””””

And so, the ojou-samas joined hands and prayed.

“……”

While watching their sparkling appearances, I was dumbfounded.

Not even knowing about cells…

These ojou-samas really are super sheltered.

It was beyond imagination that such a place actually existed…

“All things considered, it was a real phone call!”

When they had finished praying, they observed the phone again.

“Kujou-san, would it sit well with you if I held it in my hands?”

“Go ahead.”

“Thank you very much—— My, how light!”

“You fold it up like this, don’t you? Amazing!”

While rotating my phone, the ojou-samas were deeply engrossed with genuine awe.

“That such wonderful, *wonderful* things would be used daily…”

“Amazing…”

“Commoners are amazing!”

Then Arisugawa-san looked at me,

“Oh, I’ve forgotten! Everyone, this is Kimito-sama’s property. We must return it at once.”

“My, that is true—”

And then, after they’d looked at my cell phone, they shifted their gazes towards me and—— their cheeks blushed slightly.

They mutually locked eyes with each other, as if worried.

What should we do~……

Just by thinking about it, my heart seems to leap out of my chest~……

When they whispered something in soft voices again——

“……I shall do it.”

Arisugawa-san tightly clenched her fists.

And with that, all the ojou-samas at once turned a look full of respect towards Arisugawa-san.

Why would the atmosphere tense up so hard just from returning my phone?

And so, while she politely held my cell in both of her hands, she walked up to me.

“Kimito-sama. I humbly thank you for having the chance to look upon this magnificent item.”

To address me in such a manner naturally was also incredibly ojou-sama-like.

“Ah, no problem…”

Just when I was about to take the phone from her, “R-Reiko-sama!” from behind came a voice that seemed flustered for some reason.

“!! F-For me of all people to…!”

“?”

“P-Please hold on for a moment, Kimito-sama! I shall write up a letter of gratitude in just a moment!”

…Huh?

As Arisugawa-san turned around towards the door, a maid seemed to come in like the wind and held out a letter set.

“Ah, but what should I do, I wonder… To do something like writing while I stand would be quite immodest.”

“I don’t mind you using the table over there, you know?”

“Headmistress, I give my gratitude.”

Arisugawa-san faced the reception table and smoothly finished writing out a letter with a fountain pen.

She then tied that letter of gratitude up with a ribbon, along with the cell phone and a small cookie bag with cute wrapping, placed them in a seemingly high class box, and then once again tied that all up with a ribbon――

“Please accept this—!”

With a *whoosh* she presented it to me.

“……”

“――Ah!”

Arisugawa-san suddenly realized. She then put the box in a simple shopping bag that she had received from the maid.

“For you!”

It had become a lot easier to hold.

“As expected of Reiko-sama!”

“She is thorough to the very end!”

The ojou-samas praised her.

“If it was I, then I would’ve felt content with just writing the letter of

gratitude!”

“For me, I would’ve thought myself finished after only tying up the cell phone with a ribbon!”

“Ara, this is marvelous in its own way.”

“My, I thank you.”

I think I hallucinated the appearance of a royal flower garden right there.

……Is this really Japan?

For a moment I wondered whether I hadn’t just gotten lost in some kind of parallel world.

They were just way too different from the girls I had seen up until now.

While I felt like the ripples on my brain diminished, I took the paper bag from Arisugawa-san.

And as I did, our fingers touched ever so slightly.

“……!”

With a *poof* Arisugawa-san turned so bright red that it looked like steam was coming out of her ears.

“Reiko-sama!”

“Do you not feel well?!”

“N-No, I’m fine… For just a short moment, Kimito-sama and my fingers…”

With a *flop* her body started to fall over.

“! Watch out!”

I extended my hands right away and—— caught her in my arms.

“”””””~~~~~~!!”””””””

The ojou-samas surrounding us also turned bright red and hastily backed away.

Once Arisugawa-san’s eyelashes moved out of the way and her eyes had opened enough, she looked at me.

“Ah… Fu…”

After letting out some incomprehensible murmurs,

“…Hau.”

She fainted.

“”””””REIKO-SAMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!”””””””

Screams echoed throughout the room.

While I was perplexed with an, “Eh? Eh?”, a maid came in from the side and took Arisugawa-san. She seemed to glare at me a bit.

“It’s fine, Kiryuu-san. He has bears no interest in anything but muscles.”

Kujou-san said something that didn’t help me at all.

At that moment.

BANG

The door flew open all of a sudden.

We all turned around simultaneously, and standing there was——

A lone girl.

Semi-long twintails with ribbons on both sides that felt ojou-sama like and a lively ambiance about her.

Her eyes were big and wide with a small angle to them. Small nose, pink lips.

She had a cute flush on her face like the color of strawberries picked too early in the season. And she was all tensed up.

Notes

1. He uses ‘ore’ the masculine pronoun for ‘I’ instead of more formal versions like, for instance, ‘watashi’.

2. Japanese potato snack, shaped like a fry.

Chapter 5 - But There's Only a 50% Chance Things Will Turn Out Well

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"Aika-sama…"

Arisugawa murmured as she regained consciousness.

The girl called Aika-san locked on to me… and immediately headed my way.

Passing between the ojou-samas that were saying something or other, she walked with such force that she almost seemed to cut through the air and stopped in front of me.

glare She looked up at me. She was about a head shorter.

Then she grabbed my wrist all of a sudden.

"Eh? Hold on——"

I was dragged back along the parting she had made through the girls.

Both sides of the ojou-samas huddled together at this abrupt turn of events.

"A-Aika-sama!"

The last thing I heard as I was dragged out of the room was Arisugawa-san's cry.

Aika-san continued to pull me down the corridor that was inlaid with a light violet carpet.

"U-Um…?"

I didn't have the slightest clue what was going on, so I never even thought of resisting.

We turned out of the corridor and entered into a courtyard.

The garden had a nice elegance and warmth to it, it looked like it came out of the picture book of a foreign country.

Moving off from the stepping stones, we quickly walked across the lawn until we stopped in the shade of trees that had been planted in an ellipse.

I could hear birds singing. The sunlight shining through the trees was faint, so the air felt a little cool.

Aika-san let go of my hand and faced me.

Closing her eyes, she took a few breaths to prepare herself.

“……I…… want…”

With a weak voice she started to murmur something.

“…to become…”

Her whole body started to tremble and her face slowly turned red.

What now…? There was a bizarre air of nervousness about her, the kind one would have right before skydiving.

“——For that sake!!”

Suddenly, her eyes opened widened and she took a step forward.

Then she grasped my head with both of her hands and brought her face near.

She then shut her eyes tightly again and pursed her lips like she was going to kiss… Err, wait—

“Oi?!”

I pulled my head back.

“Ah, what are you doing?!”

She didn’t let go of me. I didn’t get what’s going on and forcefully backed up even further—— and my foot slipped.

“Uwa—”

“Kya?!”

I fell, landing face-up.

I felt the tingling sensation of grass on my back and neck.

As I looked up, I could see the girl stretching over me on all fours.

““……””

And then, I noticed.

Both of my hands were groping her chest.

Realizing what I was doing, my face heated up.

The sensation I felt in the palm of my hands kinda felt like marshmallows.

squeeze

Ah, sorry…

For the first time, I felt like I wanted to run away.

“~~~~~~!!”

Aika-san turned bright red and her lips started quivering. Although they were poor, breasts are breasts. Even if she only had a pretty small chest, it would be natural to feel embarrassed for, like, five minutes.

With an almighty *SLAP* I was struck across my face.

“Th… C-Commoner!”

Still in the same set-up as when she had slapped me, she glared at me and said,

“Kiss me!!”

……?

Uh… why would a girl ask me to kiss her right after slapping me in the face…?

Without even the time to think that things progressed too fast and surreal, Aika-san ground her molars together and then brought her lips closer.

“Wha— Hold on! I said hold on!”

I grabbed her shoulders.

“Why are you doing this?! For what reason?!”

Forced back with those same words used by Sakamoto Ryouma when he was assassinated, Aika-san used all her strength to remove both of my hands and said——

“If you kiss a commoner, your wish will come true, right?!”

“……Huh……? Wait, what?!”

“Kiss me for the sake of my dreams, commoner!!”

“Hold on a second! That’s not right! It won’t let your wish come true!!”

“Lies! I’ve definitely heard it’s true!”

“From whom?!”

“From rumors!”

“From rumors?!”

“I heard it while chatting with a senpai from junior college in an after-school tea party!”

What kind of tea party was that?! Just what kind of ojou-samas go here?!

“…Listen up! Between a senpai who’s never gone outside and me, a commoner, who’s more trustworthy here?!”

At that—— Aika-san froze.

“……”

She was still holding onto my arms, unblinking; there was probably some super important meeting going on inside her head. And the result——

“————!!”

She tried to jump away from me, but as we were still on the ground she ended up scurrying backwards on all fours.

She hit the back of her head on a tree trunk.

“Gyaa!”

Perhaps due to the surprise attack, she leaked a weird yelp.

As her eyes started to tear up, a leaf landed on the tip of her nose, and with an “Ahh… Ahh—”

“Achoo!”

It looked like some cliché manga.

Her disposition was different from that of the other rich girls. To put it bluntly, she was an clutz.

“Y-You’re wrong!”

She pointed at me.

“It’s not like I really believed that, okay?!”

With tears in her eyes, she continued.

“It was more like, ‘the proof of the pudding is in the eating,’ and if it is true, it’s a once in a lifetime chance! Truth is, I’m frantically trying here to gloss over my incredible embarrassment, but commoners are dumb anyway, so it’ll be enough to deceive! Ufufu!”

You’re leaking the whole thing, though.

Realizing it herself, she quickly covered her mouth.

Then, she gave me a detestable stare—

“Idiot commoner!”

She was angry at me even though I was the one that should have been indignant.

“The only idiot here is you!”

“What did you say?!”

“Say what you like, it’s not normal to believe in something like that. And worse, you even tried to do it!”

“I-It was just by chance!”

“If I told you that the condition for getting your wish fulfilled wasn’t to ‘Kiss a commoner,’ but rather ‘spin around three times while barking,’ would you still do that?”

“There’s no way I’d do that! ……”

She sunk into silence all of a sudden.

“……That’s not true, right?”

Oi.

At Aika-san’s excessive pureness (a roundabout expression), I said,

“Truth is, it’s totally right.”

“Eh?! No way!”

“But there’s only a 50% chance things will turn out well.”

“…N-No way… That’s a lie, right? ……Is it really true?”

“It’s common knowledge among commoners.”

“!! I-I didn’t know—— I KNEW THAT, OKAY?!”

Huh, what’s with that bluff at the end?

She stood up with vigor and checked her footing.

Wait, did she believe that for real…?

When she was really about to spin—

“Wait.”

I stopped her immediately and——

“You’ve got to put your hands up like this.”

I gave her a bit of choreography guidance.

“L-Like this?”

With not a sliver of doubt, she brought both of her fists in front of her and assumed a puppy stance.

“L-Like this, right? If I remember correctly, it’s like this.”

“Yeah. I thought you’d knew already, but just in case. My bad.”

“Hmph, can’t be helped.”

I was able to read this girl slowly but surely.

Even though she’s odd, at the end of the day she’s still an earnest, sheltered ojou-sama. She also feels a bit different for some other reason, but let’s try things out for now.

“And when you’re spinning, you have to look absolutely innocent like a puppy.”

“Puppy?”

“Hopping while wagging your tail, that sorta thing.”

“L-Like this?”

“No, more like…”

While she shook her butt, she started hopping as if her owner was waving a toy above her.

“Like this?”

“That’s good! Really good!”

Aika-san seemed totally happy.

“Alright, go for it!”

“Right! With this, my dream will come true!!”

Aika-san said with a gleaming expression as she began to spin gaily. While shaking her buttocks, she hopped charmingly, spinning thrice with a smile from ear-to-ear——

“Woof!”

It echoed throughout the courtyard.

“……”

As I watched the girl maintaining her puppy pose, it got me thinking.

What should I? Now that it’s come to this, I can’t back out of this safely anymore.

For the time being, I should tell her the truth and—— ***get ready for a beating.***

“Ah, here he is!”

When I turned towards the voice, I saw Arisugawa-san and company enter the courtyard in succession.

“Please forgive us, Kimito-sama.”

Arisugawa-san bowed in embarrassment.

“We were surely worried and looking for you.”

A lovely wind started to blow.

“Unexpectedly, you are accompanied by someone else.”

“How surprising.”

The ojou-samas said unanimously. It became lively in the courtyard, as if a dozen flowers started to bloom.

“So, what were you two doing here?”

Arisugawa-san asked.

“Eh? Ehm…”

I looked for Aika-san and——

Before I knew it, she was on the other side of the courtyard.

She was standing in a spot far from the circle of ojou-samas and was silently casting her eyes downward.

Arisugawa-san followed my gaze,

“Aika-sama…”

It was clear that her shoulders were shaking.

With her head hung, she threw glances towards Arisugawa-san and the others repeatedly. A completely different person from only a moment ago.

Just when it seemed like her lips moved awkwardly to make something like a smile, she tightly squeezed her eyes shut instead and——

Ran for it.

With her ribbons swaying, she gained distanced and disappeared around the corner.

“She’s taken her leave…”

One of them murmured.

Her tone implied that it was the same as always. The other girls had a similar reaction.

“Aika-sama doesn’t talk to us much…”

Arisugawa-san looked at me and explained.

“We do have some shortcomings, I suppose.”

She brought her hand up to her cheek in unease.

In this really curious situation, I didn’t feel like it was bullying.

But then, what was it…?

Chapter 6 - While I Was Held By a Macho Man, You Replaced My Phone's Secret Gallery With Muscle Pics?!

"This will be Kagurazaka-sama's room."

I had been walking through the dorm's corridors, guided by Kujou-san.

In this academy, isolated from society, a boarding system was a matter of course and I was in the middle of being led to the room in which I'd be staying from today onwards.

This rich girl school doesn't do things half-assedly in the dorm either: everything— even the lighting and the metal fittings of the windows— was sparkling. High class things, simple yet gorgeous; gaudy yet harmonic.

How much might that have cost… I tried to imagine such thoughtless things.

"In consideration for Kagurazaka-sama, we've prepared a special room."

"Special room?"

"Yes. We didn't spare any costs and renovated the room, so that you can spend your time comfortably. It will surely meet your satisfaction."

Is this what they call 'VIP treatment'?

"Is it okay to do that just for me…?"

"Of course. It was I who invited you, so this amount of consideration is a given."

"I see… My bad."

"Not at all."

And, at the end of the hallway, we reached the room.

“It’s this one.”

Kujou-san turned the door knob and pulled.

I was excited.

Even with it being such a gorgeous dorm, a special room…? What can it possibly look like…?

On the other side of the door was… a 6-tatami-room that I was quite used to seeing.

“We’ve brought in your things from the Kagurazaka residence and reproduced it. Your room.”

“THIS IS TOTALLY MY ROOM————————!!”

I was astounded.

“The expenses included the shipping charges due to the special route, wages, and secrecy. In total it amounts to one hundred million yen.”

“My room cost one hundred million yen?!”

It was put completely off balance.

“We believe that if it’s a commoner room like this bird cage, then Kagurazaka-sama should be able to pass his time comfortably.”

“Did you just say bird cage?! You said that, right?!”

“We’ve produced these magazines from under your bed.” (She spread the porn magazines in her hand).

“Say what?! That’s right, huh?! You *did* bring everything, huh?!”

“By the way, these dubious magazines were all—— normal, weren’t they?”

“——! …Umm…”

Oh crap. If they find out that I do like girls after all, my life’s over.

If I can’t show off how much I like men…

“T-That’s actually——”

“Now I understand.”

“Eh?”

“You used it as camouflage so that your family and friends wouldn’t know about your preferences, correct?”

“! That’s right. Well, having that special preference has its troubles after all…”

“Well then, we shall dispose of these unnecessary things then.”

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP—!

“HIIIIIII——?! Wait, you ripped the entire bundle in one go?! How can you even have such a tight grip?!”

“Please, dispose of these portrayals at once.”

Portrayals, she says.

“Also, about the large amount of erotic photos on your cell phone device.”

“You saw ’em?!”

“When we had a look at them, they were of young girl’s legs——many of them were close-ups on thighs. Or rather, almost all of them.”

“……”

The silent gaze hurt.

Right. I don’t have a muscle fetish.

I have a thigh fetish.

“But rest assured.”

“Huh?”

“We replaced all of them with macho muscle pics.”

“UWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA?! WHEN DID YOU—?!”

“When we returned in the car.”

“While I was held by a macho man, you replaced my phone’s secret gallery with muscle pics?!”

“What’s with that overreaction…? You couldn’t possibly have lied about your muscle feti—”

“YAAAY! MUSCLES, HOORAAAAY——!”

…To think that words could hurt people (me) that much.

“Aah, also…”

Kujou-san seemed to have something more to add…

“Today, I was appointed as Kagurazaka-sama’s personal maid.”

“Personal maid?!”

“In this school, all students, or should I say each young lady, has a maid that is in charge of taking care of her.”

Which reminds me, the person that handed over the letter set to Arisugawa-san looked like an assisting maid too. So it’s like that then?

“And I am in charge of Kagurazaka-sama.”

Me? My own maid…?

I had started to forget, but the otherworldly feeling resurged.

“Well, even though I am, I won’t do a thing for you.”

“YOU WON’T?!”

Chapter 7 - Teach Me About Commoners!!

With a sigh, I got up from my bed.

“…Was it a dream…?”

I felt like I was back in my own room with an ‘it was all a dream’ sort of conclusion.

Woof!

However, upon looking out the window I saw another dormitory—a refined building—and green scenery that spread out almost like a sports ground before me, so it seemed that this was Seikain Girls’ Academy after all.

“An ‘it was all a dream’-ending illusion… That felt surprisingly good for a moment, huh…”

Woof!

For now, I turned on my cell phone and quite a few messages had piled up in my inbox.

They were from my classmates, my friends of course, but also some from a few others I barely knew. *Well, I can imagine what the contents are.*

I had also received a message from my mother, but upon seeing the subject ‘Hot Spring ☆。*°’ I lost all interest in reading it.

There was one from my older sister too. It was along the lines of ‘I envy your celebrity lifestyle’.

My old man’s was the only one that, while short, showed some worry for me; it made me feel somewhat strange.

…W-Wooof—!

In any case, all obstacles appeared to have been moved out of the way, so my transfer into this ojou-sama school was seemingly a done deal.

Now then, what should I——

STOMP *STOMP* *STOMP*……*SLAM——!!*

“DID YOU TRICK ME, COMMONER?!”

Aika-san slammed the door open.

With a furious aura about her, she swiftly entered my room.

“I’ve done it 58 times since then, but my wish still hasn’t come true!!”

“What do you mean ‘58 times’?”

She must mean that thing from earlier.

“You should’ve noticed by the third time at the latest.”

“Sh-Shutup! You were the one who said that it works at least half of the time!!”

“If it was me, I wouldn’t have done it even thrice, actually, I wouldn’t have been tricked by such an idiotic thing to begin with!”

“~~~~~~~!!”

She grabbed me by the collar and then raised her hand in preparation to slap me across the face.

“You… Eh? What is this room?”

“You’re a quick one, aren’t you!”

Aika-san took a quick look at the 6-tatami space.

“…I see, so that’s how it is.”

Seeming to have understood something, she nodded her head with a *yeah, yeah*.

“As punishment for tricking me, you’ve been thrown into a cell, haven’t you?!”

“This isn’t a cell!!”

“Huh, well…… is it hell then…?”

“What to do now?! It’s just become incredibly hard to say it’s my room!!”

I groaned.

“…So in other words, this is a ‘commoner’s room’?”

“Well, yeah.”

“……”

Aika-san looked around. Unlike the previous time, she had a very serious expression.

“…It doesn’t look like it, but there’s quite a bit in here, huh.”

Murmuring that, she picked up the portable game system that was under my desk.

While turning the thin piece of hardware upside down, she said,

“…A camera…?”

“It’s a game.”

“Game…?”

With a serious expression like a judge, she quickly observed it from all angles.

“This… How can this be a game piece?”

“You mean like a board game?”

Apparently… she wasn’t even aware of the existence of videogames in and of itself.

Seikain Girls’ Academy was amazing. Truly impressive.

“? Speaking of which…”

“What?”

“The way you talk isn’t very lady-like, how come?”

“Sh-Shutup, you! Got a problem with that?!”

“No, it actually makes it a lot easier to talk to you, it really helps me out.”

The ojou-samas here were so out of this world that I honestly didn’t know how to deal with them.

“…”

Aika-san fell into silence, looking downward.

“What is it?”

“N-Nothing at all! Come on, tell me about this ‘Gaim’ thingy already!!”

For some reason she turned bright red and grumpy.

“…There’s a small switch on the side; try sliding it up.”

“Where?”

“Over there… Look, right here.”

“Don’t just get close to me so casually, commoner!”

“……(#^ω^)”

Aika-san pushed the switch with her fingers in a clearly inexperienced manner.

As she did so, the hardware's logo appeared with a *boon* sound effect.

Kya?!

Aika-san quivered. She was the spitting image of the reaction of the child in that one video that was posted online where they got scared at their own reflection in the television.

I started to smile unintentionally,

"Surprised?"

"I am!!"

She responded more honestly than I had expected.

"Wait, was I just upright about it?! Showing that to a commoner is just too humiliating!! I wasn't able to cover up for some reason… Ah, you tricked me into it?! This is too annoyingly stupid, commoner! Go die!!"

She threw a tantrum.

The person in question suddenly quieted down, and glared at me with a bright-red face glaring, getting ready to throw the game system at me—— and then stopped.

She lowered her arm and stared at it.

"……I could use this after all."

"Eh?"

"Hey!"

She drew close all of a sudden.

"Teach me about commoners!"

"…Huh?"

"Commoners! Um, commoner culture? That kind of thing! Things like this one, you know!"

She held the game system out.

“I don’t think you know this but, in this school, commoners are really popular right now! Before, it was just stuff like, ‘I wonder what they’re like, ufufu,’ but now that it’s for sure that you’ll be coming here, the popularity immediately boomed! It’s caused a huge uproar in the school!!”

I guess that’s what all that stuff earlier must’ve been about.

“That’s why if I can become knowledgeable about that then surely —— yeah, definitely! My wish will come true!”

She balled her hand into a fist.

“I’ll become a popular in class!!”

With eyes sparkling, she declared her resolution.

“Eh…”

I looked at her blankly.

“So that’s the ‘wish’ that you’ve been going on about?”

“That’s right!”

She got even more excited.

“So doing 58 sets of spinning around three times and barking—it was all for that?”

“Th-That’s right!”

“As well as that attempt on a kiss?”

“_____”

Aika-san gulped loudly.

Perhaps because she recalled her earlier actions, she was dyed red all the way to her earlobes.

“Th… That’s right! Got a problem with that?!”

Losing her temper, she shouted at me.

And then, she covered her face with both her hands.

Showing her embarrassment with such an action—it made me realize all of a sudden that she was a girl too. And then I remembered as well—— The things that had happened earlier.

Her dazzling eyes, those lips that came near me, her light and elegant aroma… it caused my heart to throb so violently it felt like it

was going to jump out of my chest.

"……Normally, it can't come true."

Aika-san said while still hiding her face.

With a thin voice completely different from everything up until now, almost like a drizzle, the room was painted a depressing color.

Wondering why, I remained silent.

And then, from a gap in her fingers,

"I am really bad… at telling lies."

In bits, she continued,

"I directly say, the things i have, on my mind, so…"

She leaked out.

…I see.

Now that she mentions it, it's really like that. The things she says in 'tantrum mode' are always like――

"It'd definitely get me hated. But being hated is scary. So…"

I came to an understanding.

"That's why… I keep my distance from everyone. Even from my classmates."

I nodded upfront.

I get it.

In a single word, she's… pure. Lying is impossible for her.

And being unable to lie, she fell prey to even dumb lies quite easily as well.

I had thought her completely different from the other ojou-samas of Seikain, but her being the embodiment of 'naivety' was rather piercing through.

She was a sheltered young woman that hadn't experienced a single thing of society.

But, she had the same worries like me.

I didn't want to be hated.

Whenever I was hanging out with my friends, I also had my antennas

out, quickly trying to cover up things when the atmosphere turned even a little bad, when I said something I thought was wrong, tried to laugh off the awkwardness, being careful of what emoji I sent in messages and when I felt like I messed up, wriggle around worriedly inside my futon.

Being hated; having to feel that unpleasant mood—it's scary.

That's why I kept my distance. I still haven't come to grips with it.

But.

"…But, I want to become friends with everyone!"

She lowered the hands concealing her face.

"Being all alone feels bad. I want to talk with everyone. I also want to be popular like Arisugawa Reiko, surrounded by everyone, I want to have a fun school life!"

…I see.

So that's how it is.

You thought it'd be nice to be loved by everyone like Arisugawa-san and experiencing that feeling of popularity, huh?

"I will become popular!"

She said, straining her voice.

"Only talking to classmates in my head, passing the time during breaks pretending to be asleep, shifting the time I go to the cafeteria everyday, I'm sick of all of it!"

I unintentionally turned my face away.

"I will K.O. you, Arisugawa Reiko!!"

"Don't do that."

Don't put on that, 'Eh? You heard me?' face either.

…But yeah, looks like it'd be difficult for her to achieve that by normal means.

……I mustn't.

The 'meddler blood' in me that even had gotten me the nickname of 'Sebastian' during my middle school days seemed to boil up.

"That's why you," she suddenly pointed at me, "Will hammer the A to

Z of commoners into me!!”

She said with her eyes sparkling.

“At the dawn of when I’m a commoner master, my classmates will be the ones approaching *me*. It will be a flower garden of ‘Kya~Kya, Ufufu!’. I’ll be popular!! Even if I say something bad, I’ll explain that that’s just what commoners are like and then even that will leave a good impression! It’ll all be fine! I could deceive them all!! You ask why I’m doing this, it’s because I, the commoner master, am just like a commoner! Actually, it’s because I *am* a commoner!!”

“Rather, it sounds like your downfall…”

Ignoring me, Aika-san turned around and said,

“You’re fine with that, right?!”

Don’t wanna.

What a pain in the ass. Both the request and the person requesting.

I immediately thought that.

But.

“Well… I don’t mind.”

That was my response.

Well—— I also understand her feelings.

“I humbly thank you!”

Aika-san smiled pleasantly and folded her arms.

“Well, it’s only natural that the likes of commoners are serving a young lady like me, and it’s common for them to prostrate and show their gratitude that they’re allowed to serve us! But I’ll let you skip on that! Ufufu!”

I’ll definitely tease her lots.

Then she suddenly raised her head.

“I’VE DECIDED!”

With a *swoosh* she pointed at me.

“The ‘Commoner Club’—— Here and now we’re gonna establish the Commoner Club!!”

“…Commoner Club?”

“That’s right!”

Gushii! She clenched her fists.

“I mean, I have to give it my all to learn about commoners from now on, don’t I?! If I have an eye on a commoner, I’ll skill up, right?!”

“You’re saying some pretty weird things just now.”

“And those will be our club activities!”

“You and I!” She pointed her finger back and forth between us.

“It’s just us two, but still club activities! Members! Lots of club activities; performed by its two members!”

She smiled showing her white teeth. She was really pumped, all sparkly, and excessively happy.

“Alright, we’ll begin our activities from tomorrow on!”

When I saw that overly happy face, I had a—— a wild thought.

Club activities couldn’t be done by one person alone.

She had been alone in this school all the time.

She had no one who understood her, so hadn’t belonged to a group either. No friends who did the same things. No kind of community feeling.

So it might be because of that that she wanted to create this kinda thing?

“Club activities!”

Maybe she hadn’t realized that herself and proposed that thing on the spur of the moment—— that was my wild guess.

…In the early afternoon, a joyful scene was displayed close to the window.

“I’m really happy for some reason!”

With cheeks blushing, Aika-san was acting absurdly merry.

Chapter 8 - Who Are You Calling Tsunpure-san?!

A new morning. When I opened my eyes, my maid was already there.

“You’ve awoken?”

Kujou-san looked down upon me with her default gaze full of contempt.

“Though I would’ve been glad if you hadn’t. Ever.”

“WHY?!”

Tsukkomi’ing first thing in the morning. That was a first for me.

“Wait… Something up?”

“What might you mean by ‘Something up’?”

“Well… Do you want something?”

Thereupon, Kujou-san sighed. If you dubbed its meaning, it was surely meant to scorn with a ‘That’s why commoners are…’.

“I’ve said that I’m your personal maid. And one of my tasks is to aid you in the morning.”

Being told that so naturally—— I made me feel nervous.

When I wondered whether or not to say that, when actually being told, there was no way to even think about all the erotic things that ‘being aided by a maid in the morning’ could mean…

“You’re thinking about something licentious, aren’t you?”

“…! N-Not at all!”

“You thought about muscles, didn’t you?”

“NOT. AT. ALL!”

I got up and looked for my dresser out of habit—it was in its usual place.

Just unreal, no matter how I looked at it there was an actual maid standing in my room… It was a bit off-putting. It shook the pillars of

my everyday life.

At that point, Kujou-san quietly stepped up.

She grabbed the hem of my t-shirt with both of her hands and swiftly pulled it up.

My reaction towards this all-too-natural action came delayed, but…

“…W-What are you doing?!”

“I am assisting you with your change of clothes.”

“…?! I-I’m fine!”

“That will not do. This is a task the maids of Seikain must carry out.” she said while continuing to pull the shirt up, “Even if you are a commoner, unpopular, and a perverted macho man lover on top of it, as the head maid of Seikain, I must carry out my duties properly. It is about professionalism about my occupation. It is a battle I wager my own pride in. Even if the other party is a pervert, who could merely rival rubbish, I must do it. For the sake of my pride. I will not surrender to——”

“LEMME FREAKIN’ GO—!”

I got changed on my own.

“This way.”

“…Why must we leave through the backdoor?”

“Did you forgot yesterday’s ruckus?”

Kujou-san signalled towards the entranceway with her eyes.

I could vaguely hear the increasingly cheerful voices of the ojou-samas who were descending from upstairs.

‘…A commoner…’, ‘…In this dorm…’, ‘…Oh my!’

‘…A man…’, ‘…for the first time…’, ‘…I’m so excited…’

“……”

Obviously, they were getting quite lively.

“If you were to leave through there, it’d cause an uproar. Hence, consider choosing the backdoor for today.”

We proceeded to sneak through the corridor.

“Feels like I’m some kinda star, huh?”

“That’s right, isn’t it?”

“…Sorry.”

“Why would you apologize, Mr. Star? Today, you’ll take on the leading role in the schoolwide Explanatory Meeting, so from tomorrow onwards, things are likely to quiet down.”

“Me playing the lead part——”

“Sssh. Quiet…”

Something came out of the shared break room (Or rather, an extravagant common kitchen).

“One more corner and I’m there. From there on, it should be able to make my way out without meeting anyone just fine.”

And then, when that person turned around the corner——

“……”

Aika unexpectedly ran into us.

She had run into us using another route just perfectly.

Not having expected to meet anyone, she looked terribly surprised,

“W-WHY’S THE COMMONER HERE?!”

> ‘…Did you hear something too?…’, ‘…Yeah…’, ‘…With the commoner…’
>
> ‘…It couldn’t be…’, …from inside…’

It started to get noisy from the entranceway. And it was steadily getting noisier.

“This way. Quickly.”

Kujou-san opened a door in haste.

“Now I get it.”

I understood now.

“So you’re always using the backdoor.”

“……”

Aika fell into silence.

Being disliked was scary and loneliness was like being poked by the long needles of a porcupine.

“But even popular people like you take this way, right?”

Aika rebuked.

“So I’ve got what’s needed to become popular too, you know?”

She had some weird optimism to her.

Tenkuubashi Aika.

I’ve heard about her full name yesterday. Her family runs an air cargo business.

It’s strange that I keep calling her Aika-san. But Tenkuubashi’s somewhat hard to say…

“Look commoner’s morning faces always that sloven?”

Aika it is.

Aika’s personal maid quietly followed her along the secret wood path we were taking.

And likewise, Kujou-san followed behind me.

Every morning, the maids escorted the students that they were in charge of to the dining hall—— It seemed to be the custom.

A celebrity-like rule which already exceeded my guesses by far.

I felt a shiver down my spine from the peculiar presence that was following me and felt like turning my head.

“What’s wrong?”

“Well… I can’t seem to calm down.”

“Why?”

She said with a face of complete ignorance.

“Normally… I’m not escorted by a maid when I’m going to school.”

“…You’re not being escorted to school?”

“Yeah, no, besides that, it’s the same in general too. There are no maids to help out as a whole. For all of us.”

Aika—— widened her eyes in surprise.

She took a memo book (high class) out of her skirt pocket and got a

pen from her maid.

Rather than receiving it, it was more of a perfectly natural ‘placed in her outstretched hand without asking’. I thought it was pretty neat to master it to a degree that it felt like a routinized thing.

And so, she made a serious face and an entry in her memo. When I took a peek, it had ‘Commoners don’t have maids’ written in it.

Wait, the characters look almost professional.

“Your handwriting’s really pretty, huh?”

“Eh—?”

She looked over her shoulder in surprise.

“W-What are you saying…”

“No, seriously.”

“W-Well? I’m in the top ten in the class in penmanship grades, you know?”

She struck her chest and puffed it out in pride.

“Eh, you’re doing penmanship?”

“You don’t?”

“As a class? Of course not. That’s only until elementary school.”

“No way! It’s a compulsory subject for ‘etiquette’ classes, you know?! It’s normal to take courses on pen and brush writing in middle school!”

Normal, huh? …I see, we’re worlds apart in various ways.

“Well, it is good nonetheless. Honestly, just look at it.”

“…”

After fidgeting around with her lips, Aika pushed her memo onto me with her cheeks blushing a little.

“Sh-Show me how your writing.”

“Me?”

“That’s right. Show me how commoners write.”

After holding the pen in my hand for a while… I wrote ‘Commoner Visiting!’.

“Uwa, this really sucks!!”

“…(#^ω^)”

“Give it back.”

While giggling, she added ‘Commoners are bad with characters’ underneath my ‘Commoner Visiting!’ in her clean writing.

“What the heck?”

“What?”

Aika put the memo pad away, still giggling.

“Commoners usually use cuneiform, so we’re not used to pens.”

“Huh? There’s no way that’s true…… is it?”

“No, I’m serious.”

“Eh?! So you’re still using clay tablets?!”

“You’re seriously buying it?”

I was shocked.

This person, she really believed everything right away. Rather than pure, she was just too pure…

“That’s the wrong way. Over here.”

“Ah, my bad, Tsunpure-san.”

“Who are you calling Tsunpure-san?!”

But still… every last corner of even the campus is refined, just by walking around here, I feel terribly out of place.

Quite frankly, it’s wearing me out. The ojou-samas and me have just a way too different… feel to us. Of the Ojou-sama’s, as well as this sense that everything is way too different from me… I’m really worried whether I’m really fit for all this.

“Hey.”

“What?”

“Since I’m telling you about commoners, how about you tell me about here?”

“Here?”

“Like, the lifestyle of the students around here… a general overview of it all, if you want.”

“The committee chairman Arisugawa Reiko can tell you all about it.”

“I’m fine with you, though.”

“…?!”

Aika suddenly turned bright red.

“What’s the matter?”

“S-Stop saying strange things!”

“Strange things?”

“Shutup!!”

Why would she get mad at me?

“…So? W-Why me instead of Arisugawa Reiko?”

“Because you’re not lady-like at all.”

That’s right.

“I mean, Arisugawa-san, she’s got that aura of elegance and this loveliness virtually bursting out of her, she seems out of this world, right? It makes me nervous. But then again, you’re far from—”

SMACK

“THAT HURT?!”

“YOU STUPID COMMONER! GET LOST!”

“N-No, I can see how it must’ve sounded right now, but it’s really easier to talk with you, so I’m begging you, there’s no one else I could ask.”

“…”

With her arms folded, she thought.

“…I-I understand.”

“Thank you.”

“In exchange, make sure you attend the ‘Commoner Club’, okay?!”

“I know.”

Having suddenly been transferred into this Seikain with no idea on how long I’d possibly be here, I’ve decided on my own special goal.

To try and make this person popular in her class.

Well, even if I didn’t get that far, if she’d manage to at least fit into it,

that'd be fine.

The point is— if she can get a friend, I'd be at peace of mind.

She's certainly stubborn about getting a good 'grip' on commoner culture, but at least she's passionate about it, so we'll probably manage somehow…

"I think you're okay too!"

Swoosh Aika pointed at me.

"It's fine for commoners to not pay attention to what others want, so it's super easy-going, right?! Lowly masses, BANZAI!"

Totally not cute.

The dining hall came into sight.

Numerous young ladies were being escorted by their maids and entering the building, which looked like some top-notch hotel, while they were chatting away friendly. It looked like the start of some royal party.

"Kimito-sama!"

A well-projected voice echoed throughout the hall.

Arisugawa-san appeared from the crowd and raised her hand signalling 'This way'. She had an outstandingly dazzling and beautiful presence even among the ojou-samas.

She closed up on me with many classmates following suit.

"Good morning, Kimito-sama."

"Ah, yeah, morning."

"I've been looking for you this whole time. How fortunate to finally meet you."

When Arisugawa-san smiled, I seemed to experience an optical illusion with numerous stars exploding all across my vision.

"By all means, let us go eat breakfast together."

"Aah, sure."

And then Arisugawa-san's gaze went behind me.

When I followed it—— Aika had stepped back by far. I hadn't

noticed at all.

Aika-san had casted down her eyes and erased her presence, having completely switched into stealth mode.

“Aika-sama.”

Arisugawa-san called out gently. And then, Aika moved her mouth as if being at her wits’ end, shut her eyes tight, and ran for it like before.

Her maid bowed and chased after her.

Chapter 9 - Reiko-sama Is Our Aspiration

What I was surprised by first when I entered the dining hall was the background noise.

If we're talking about my old school's cafeteria, that place had been a confined space for which hungry students rushed screaming 'That please!' or 'This please!' at the auntie, all the while the 'chattering' around us was hella noisy…

That 'ambient noise' (I heard that voice actor term from Ery) was different here.

It was calm and felt 'rounder', a pleasant experience for the ears.

Maybe it was the way they used their voices, or their word choice, or maybe their topics. I didn't hear a word of 'don't you love that actor' or 'how do you like xyz-cool-guy'.

The floor was vast. A deep red, high-class, carpet was spread across it and, on the opposing side, the wall was made completely out of glass.

Encumbered by the soft light which peaked through from the green garden, the ojou-samas sat at the round tables all smiling.

And then…

The second they became aware of my presence—— the dining hall fell dead silent.

RUUUUUUUUUUUSTLE—! Like a u-turn from how it was before, they stirred in a big commotion.

"The commoner.", "He is…", "Oh my!"—Could be heard from numerous tables.

I was walking across the marble floor, guided by Arisugawa-san, all the while being stared at by ojou-samas from kindergarten to junior college.

I felt as if their stares were licking me all over from top to toe.

“That’s how a commoner walks…”

Eh?! You’re looking that hard?!

Being way too nervous I, “GA—!” tripped.

“He tripped.”

“He stumbled in his steps!”

“Did this have a certain significance, too…?”

It didn’t!

We reached a high class round table.

Arisugawa-san and company had their chairs drawn back by the dining hall maids and sat down. I sat down by myself, as I always did.

Again, a slight uproar. The smaller children tried to imitate me while the maids tried to stop them.

Even after I’d sat down, their ‘my curiosity is endless!’-gazes remained locked onto me and were stabbing me in the back.

Then the maids came handing over the menu. My fingers stiffened on the leather-covered menu with the high class touch to it.

With two menus, a western and an eastern one, it felt like the western was chosen more often. Even though it wasn’t even written in English, it had many dishes I’d never heard of. The heck’s ‘shinjou’?

A maid glanced at me.

“…! E-Ehm… Then I’ll have the Japanese menu.”

“My. I’ll take the same then, please.”

Arisugawa-san said. And so the other ojou-samas followed,

“Me too.” “Me too.” “The same as Kimito-sama.”

It wasn’t just our table, I could hear them from all around ordering the Japanese choice.

Eh? Because I…?!

“Very well.”

The maid bowed and stepped back.

sigh… I corrected my posture on the chair. The cushion had a

superbly fluffy feel to it.

On the other side, Arisugawa-san smiled elegantly.

What's with this calm atmosphere… Aren't people usually more hurried and restless in the morning?

"Be that as it may, I was surprised."

Arisugawa-san started the conversation.

"For Aika-sama to be there."

"Ah, well, we kinda met by chance…"

"It's the first time that I've seen Aika-sama being with someone. More than anything, she seemed to have… opened her heart."

"Well…"

That's because she doesn't really care about me.

"Which means that we really do have our share of shortcomings to us, doesn't it…"

She hung her head. She looked like a lonesome flower in a vase.

——*No, that's not it.*

She just doesn't want to get hated by you all.

I thought about saying it for a second, but I got the feeling that I shouldn't speak of the deeper reasoning of someone I've only just met, so I stopped.

"It might be just me, but I don't think it's anything like that. She probably has her reasons. ——So please don't hate her."

She stared at me in puzzlement.

"Why would I hate Aika-sama?"

She asked bearing a terrifically innocent expression.

"Eh, well… because it makes you feel super bad when she runs away every time you call out to her? Without any real reason, that is. 'What's wrong with her?' …Or something? No?"

"……"

With a bunch of question marks above her head, she slowly inclined her head.

Touching her forehead with her finger, she looked like she was

thinking hard, going ‘Hmm, hmm…’.

Eh, did I say something that confusing…?

“——Ah!”

She clapped her hands together.

“I see, it’s like that, isn’t it? …I’ve completely understood.”

She nodded slowly a few times,

“Putting this aside, Kimito-sama, regarding commoners…”

“Eh?! We’re done already?!”

I tsukkomi’ed before I knew it.

“Ah…”

After Arisugawa-san got exceedingly bashful—— she expressed a smile like a white rose.

“Just being told by Kimito-sama that we’re not being thought of as an unpleasantness by Aika-sama is putting me at ease.”

A pure white rose without even one dirty spot.

“If this is the case, then we will surely be able to become friends.”

…Really, I’ve still underestimated her.

That’s—— what they call ‘different upbringing’, huh?

“Reiko-sama is our aspiration!”

Toujou-san said from the right. She was an attractive and cheerful girl – just like an idol.

“Yes, without doubt.”

Mizuho-san agreed from the left. A spectacled girl with the feel of a library committee member.

“It’s always said that Reiko-sama has never hated or gotten angry at anyone. If there was one thing I could wish for, then it’d surely be to become a maiden as pure as Reiko-sama!”

Toujou-san said and sent a gaze full of admiration to Arisugawa-san. If I were to put it cheaply, she was like, ‘LOVE-LOVE BEAM!’.

I see now. So even these young ladies have people they look up to.

“P-Please stop it already. Aah, what’s keeping our meals, I wonder.”

Arisugawa-san hid her embarrassment… *They really exist, huh… these kinda people.*

——*If it's like this, won't it be simple?*

It got me thinking. Just by giving Aika a little push, she should easily fit into this class.

"E-Ehm… I was told something about an explanatory meeting after this, but I haven't heard any details?"

Thereupon—— Arisugawa-san and company exchanged meaningful looks.

"…What now?"

"N-No, it's nothing."

Arisugawa-san smiled.

"You're not hiding something, are you?"

"I-I'm not hiding anything—"

"Really…?"

I stared at her.

Thereupon, Arisugawa-san's cheeks blushed, casted her eyes down, and got all fidgety.

With that kind of amusing reaction, I started grinning before I knew it. And then the cooking finally arrived.

Ooh! Incredible!

Is that what they call kaiseki? They served a variety of food little by little from a multi-tiered, black lacquered box. Of course it wasn't like I had never seen anything like this before, but for some reason it felt different from a dish after dish kind of course.

They made me eat cup ramen in my room yesterday, saying it was 'out of consideration', but now… now I'm finally able to get my hands on some shiny celebrity food…!

bonk——

A cup ramen (Mini – Soy Sauce) was put in front of me.

"Please forgive me for keeping you waiting."

Kujou-san said looking down on me with her cold gaze.

“Wait, why cup noodles?!”

“Out of consideration for the commoner.”

“Commoners don’t eat cup noodles all day every day, you know!”

“……”

“Why are you looking annoyed now?! …Anyway! Give me the usual too!”

…Tsk.

“Did you just click your tongue?! You totally did, didn’t you?!”

“Well then, shall I remove this?”

When I tried to say ‘yeah’——

“”””””……””””””

I realized the ojou-samas were staring at the cup noodles intensely.

“Kimito-sama… what *is* that?”

While Arisugawa-san was eagerly observing the area around the lid, she made her nostrils twitch.

The surroundings were also ogling the cup noodles with a vigor that they seemed close to bending their upper bodies forward. Not just that——

The whole dining hall had gone silent.

“…It has a curious scent. Is it… food?”

“You don’t… know cup noodles?”

“Kapp Nudles?”

“Do you know ramen?”

“Um… from hearsay…”

Hearsay?

“It’s instant—— It’s a sort of trivialized cooking. You can eat it just by adding hot water.”

“”””””Just by adding hot water.”””””

The surroundings repeated in unison.

“With that you’re done cooking?”, “Impossible!”, “Why are so many characters written on that vessel?”

They exchanged whispers here and there.

“We eat that quite often.”

I said, and when I tore off the lid——

“”””””OH MY!”””””””

“It really is food! It has ingredients—!”

“This is shrimp… What are those yellow and brownish things?!”

“What kind of device might be able to prepare such a result just by adding hot water?!”

They asked while their eyes glittered in wonder.

“…Wanna try eating it?”

RATTLE–!

Everyone in the dining hall stood up.

“EEEEEH—?!”

Immediately following, the young ladies came back to their senses and exchanged glances.

“S-Souko-sama, please, after you.”

“…! No, Yumika-sama, if you would…”

“Everyone!”

Arisugawa-san took the cup noodles gently into her hands as if they were some kind of treasure,

“Let’s share them together! Those who want to try to eat them, please step up!”

“As expected of Reiko-sama! Such wonderful chopstick technique…!”

They were lining up, tightly packed, for a cup of noodles worth 500 yen which was placed on top of the table.

Arisugawa-san put her long chopsticks into the cup noodles and——

scooped one noodle with unmatched accuracy.

After she checked the yellow, meandering noodle with a quick look, she submerged it in the container with a refined movement that seemed like a part of a dance.

The surrounding more than 100 ojou-samas watched attentively being all excited.

The additional young ladies who had just entered the dining hall also gasped and kept adding to the crowd.

Ah, even Aika came.

Arisugawa-san suddenly stopped the chopsticks. She had a complex expression.

Toujou-san, who was assisting her, said anxiously:

“Reiko-sama, the amount we’d need to share them with everyone…”

“We’ll be fine. ——Split the noodles in half.”

“I see! If we do that, we can spread them to everyone!”

“I’ll prepare a chopping board and kitchen knife!”

The chopping board was put on the table, then returned the already served noodles and lined them up one by one in a straight manner.

The noodles that still remained in the cup were also lined up after the soup was properly dried off of them.

“To be able to line them up so systematically and such beautifully…”

“As expected of Reiko-sama.”

Arisugawa-san checked on the people count and grabbed the kitchen knife.

“We’re going to half… no, we’re going to cut them into three pieces.”

She put her fingers next to the noodles, barely touching them at all, and after some kind of tension had built up in the air for a brief moment—— the kitchen knife forced its way through.

She bundled the noodles and cut them in approximately three centimeter pieces.

“How’s she so skilled…?!”

While being showered with admiration, Arisugawa-san served the

cut noodles in bowls.

“I’ll help too!” “Me too!”

“Thank you so much, everyone.”

The ojou-samas divided the labor and put the now small noodles one each into bowls and distributed them.

And hence spread them to everyone.

“Please, everyone, enjoy them as you would in a buffet.”

Taking the bowls and chopsticks into their hands, the ojou-samas got all the more excited.

“So this is what commoners call ‘cup noodles’, is it…?”

“Aah, how might it taste?” “I’m looking forward to it!”

Aika was also staring at her bowl in excitement.

And then the ojou-samas carried the noodles almost simultaneously to their mouths.

When they closed their eyes to savor them—— it got silent.

Slowly… their expressions clouded.

They then opened their eyes and exchanged gazes with their neighbors, seemingly troubled.

In this faltering atmosphere,

“They’re cold, soggy, and smell weird!”

Aika’s straight-forward impressions echoed.

“Wait, they don’t even look like before, do they?!”

It’s as Aika says… I thought.

Chapter 10 - Have You Ever Ridden a Train?

‘Commoner Explanatory Meeting – Welcome, Commoner -‘ was written over a big hanging banner at the back of the hall.

I was standing on stage, losing the mental battle completely.

Students from all over the school – kindergarten to junior college – were stuffed into the auditorium, their hands raised and their eyes glittering with ‘Please call on me!’.

Feeling Kujou-san’s stare, I suddenly came back to my senses.

“…E-Ehm, then…”

I randomly chose a girl from the middle school section.

A maid handed over a mic and she stood up.

[I am Kuragazu Yuuko, a first-year in middle school.]

After clearly spoken introduction, she continued in a somewhat nervous manner,

[Please, tell us about the differences between commoners and us.]

“Eh? Hmm…”

After the initial panicking—— I remembered Aika and my exchange this morning.

“Ehm, we don’t have escort maids and the like. Nothing like a maid coming to wake us up, help us get changed, or escort us.

That caused a slight commotion.

[T-Then, how do you do it?]

“How? By ourselves.”

The commotion grew all the bigger.

The cheeks of the middle schooler blushed and the mic trembled slightly.

[T-That’s amazing.]

No, it’s nothing to get that flustered about…

“Then the next question please.”

Kujou-san said and the next set of numerous hands were raised vigorously again.

[——I am Fujita Noriko, collegian in her second year of junior college.]

As expected from a junior college student, her behavior seemed majestic.

With a look as smart-ish as a newscaster’s, she directly looked at me directly.

I got nervous and she asked me with her intellectual voice.

[Have you ever ridden a train?]

……

She was waiting for my reply with a face that might’ve as well asked, ‘Are you running for the next presidential selection?’.

“I… I have.”

That instant—— her gaze, still fixated at me, changed into one full of awe.

“T-That is, using ‘money’ as a way of payment to purchase a so-called ‘ticket’, correct?”

Now she had put on a face that boasted, ‘How’s that? I properly know about it.’.

“No, I don’t buy tickets.”

“____”

The young lady froze up.

Taking out my wallet from the back pocket of my pants, I showed my Suica[W].

“Um, this is called a ‘Suica’, most people use this. Charging it with money beforehand— Ah, the ‘charging’ thing is kinda like putting it into an account, you need to pay in advance.”

“…?”

“That’s why if you push this against the ticket gate – um, on the ticket gate there’s usually a part that scans the Suica – when you put it there, the required points are automatically used up. So there’s no

need for anyone to buy a ticket, it's really convenient."

"…? …??"

"By the way, this isn't just for trains, it's used for things like buses, vending machines for juice or whatever, convenience stores – you can use it all over the place. There's other stuff besides these cards, with cell phones for instance— Ah, that's complicated, never mind."

The junior college Ojou-sama had turned pure white and looked flabbergasted.

…What?

The auditorium had grown dead silent.

"…I don't seem to even grasp half of the matter."

The Ojou-sama's faced each other with astonished looks.

"I, as well. It is just that I came to understand that it is an incredibly advanced topic that he was telling about."'

Huh?

"Amazing."

"What tremendous people those commoners are."

"My goodness…"

Nonono.

Looking up at me, their gazes felt like they had gone from curiosity to pure awe.

How did it come to this?!

"Then, next question please."

In a complete change from earlier, they now timidly raised their hands.

"W-What do you spend your time on during your leisure time?"

I have to be careful here.

So, to not say anything thoughtless…

"Um… I don't really do anything special."

The ojou-sama looked at me blankly.

Her eyes signalling, 'That's all?', she kept looking at me with a stare

like a puppy, who's waiting for some bread.

"…….Err, I do things like playing games with my friends at McDonalds."

"McDonalds? Games?"

——*Ohoh.*

After that I gave an explanation on 'Mcdonalds' and 'Wireless play'.

SHOOOOOOOOOOCKED! The mic slipped out of the questioner's hand.

The young ladies were going from surprise to astonishment.

"…Commoners are amazing…"

"They seem to be people from a far more advanced civilization."

Civilization?!

"Then, next question please."

No one raised their hand. While shaking like chihuahuas, they kept saying,

"…Awe-inspiring…"

"I shall never speak of commoners in the same light again…"

"No, hold on! It's a misunderstanding! Commoner's aren't like that!"

"I shall never forget this day…"

Chapter 11 - I Thought It'd be Big, But That It'd be That Big…

I heaved a very deep sigh in the now empty auditorium.

As the result of my endeavors in solving the misunderstanding, I had been able to somewhat get them out of the 'awe inspiring' mode, but their 'commoners are amazing' assessment was unshakeable.

"Thank you for your hard work. Allow me to guide you to the exit."

Kujou-san lead me.

I got down from the stage and stopped in my tracks close to a hall door.

"…? That's not where we came in."

"Indeed. This way please."

I didn't quite get it, but whatever. I opened the door.

And was showered by applause.

The young ladies that had just been in the hall were welcoming me with smiles.

Numerous tables had been placed on the vast lawn, covered by white cloth while flowers and wine glasses were arranged on them.

"Welcome to Kimito-sama's Matriculation Party!"

Arisugawa-san extended her both hands with a smile.

"Are you surprised?"

"…Very much so."

"Then it's a huge success!"

She smiled seemingly happy. There was also a hint of triumph on her face, it was new to me that she could also make this kind of face.

"——I see. When we talked this morning…"

Arisugawa-san consented without words.

That there'd be such a big party for my sake, frankly, I couldn't quite realize it, but…

"Thank you, Arisugawa-san."

"Oh no, I merely… It is just that I like to scheme this sort of festivity…"

She casted her eyes down and blushed.

Maids arrived with trays full of glasses.

"Well then, let's celebrate Kimito-sama's matriculation—— Cheers!"

Going by Arisugawa-san's lead, countless glasses were sparkling in the sky.

——*What's with this apple juice?! It's incredible!*

While I was being astonished by the striking difference in quality——

Tap! *Tap*!

Someone touched the back of my thighs from behind.

When I turned around, there were two kindergarten ojou-samas.

"I touched the commoner—!"

Beaming with a 'kyaa!' they ran off.

Yare, yare. Even if they're ojou-samas, the small ones seem to do simple-minded things after a——

"…Eh?"

And now I was being surrounded.

Onee-sans that were lusting for younger men came creeping onto me.

"Um, we would like to, if you don't mind…?"

Touch. Touch. Touch. Touch.

My spot was crowded with young ladies, their hands feeling around various places.

While the faces of the middle schoolers were blushing, they were checking the sensation.

Even though they were obviously shy in a way, it seemed as if their

curiosity had won, hence they touched in turns.

“So this is a man…”

“He’s hard…”

“He’s big…”

The sensation of their hands; their aptly elegant, nice fragrance was lingering in the air around me – it… made my head go dizzy. My face swelled up looking as if I was inhaling something I shouldn’t.

“Everyone, you’re troubling Kimito-sama.”

Arisugawa-san said gently.

With that, they came back to their senses with a ‘Aah, we mustn’t’, thanked me, and returned to their places.

“I am terribly sorry.”

Arisugawa-san bowed with a bitter smile.

“But I understand their feelings very well. For the majority of us meeting a commoner or a man outside of our own families is a first.”

“But if you’re giving it a proper thought, it’s not *that* big a deal, is it?”

“No.”

Shaking her head, she started to watch me intently.

“Kimito-sama is clad in an air of a world that we don’t know of. Your gaze is reflecting something completely different than ours.”

Saying such a poetic thing, her eyes wettened whilst reflecting my image.

Suddenly, my heart started to race.

“Reiko-sama. Would you happen to have a minute?”

Being called by her personal maid, Arisugawa-san went to the inner part while having her head turned into my direction.

She nodded to the Maid’s words and did some kind of quick indicating.

Taking into mind that she alone had organized and planned this party made me think that she was really something.

Even when I was watching her from far away, her presence had something radiating to it.

Beautiful, popular, loving festivities. She was beyond doubt an ojou-sama to me.

At that time, Arisugawa-san became aware of my gaze and turned her head.

She showed a glad smile and broke into a bit of a jog.

“M-Might there be something wrong?”

“Ah, sorry. I just thought that you’re quite something. Organizing this and so on.”

“It’s not that amazing…”

While being humble, she continued,

“But it makes me happy to receive your praise.”

Just as if to match the end of her sentence—— the live performed music changed.

“Kimito-sama.”

I looked into the direction Arisugawa-san was pointing to.

The tables were moved away to make space.

There, the ojou-samas entered in pairs, all smiles, took each others hands, and——

Started to dance in perfect harmony.

I guessed it was a waltz. They’re feet moved fluent like a current, turning slowly, and flowing again.

A social dance with girl pairings was rather rare, but it did appear beautiful and light-hearted. They looked like numerous flowers, spinning on a lake’s surface.

Everyone’s movements were really perfectly in unison and gorgeous. I was deeply impressed. A beautiful scene to watch.

Ojou-samas are amazing.

The music stopped, everyone turned to me and bowed. I applauded grandly.

“We’re relieved if we were able to entertain you.”

Arisugawa-san said.

“Yeah, it was incredible.”

“Kimito-sama, won’t you try dancing yourself?”

“…Eh?”

“By all means, we’d love to see Kimito-sama’s skill.”

Eh? What’s with this ‘of course everyone can dance’ kinda mood?

Please stop, everyone! Stop this ‘my, I’m looking forward to it’ gaze!

“…N-No, I can’t dance. I never did.”

“…? You have never danced before?”

“Ehm… for the most part, commoners don’t dance like this…”

Arisugawa-san looked blankly. The same expression Aika had when I told her that we had no maids.

“Is that so… I couldn’t have known, but I’ve done something rude nonetheless.”

“Not really…”

The formerly excited atmosphere cooled down.

“…T-Then how about we try it?”

“Eh?”

“Arisugawa-san, mind teaching me?”

Everyone had gone that far for me.

In that case, I should be fine with losing a bit of face.

“…! Of course! With pleasure!”

Her face brimmed with ‘Yes, sir!’.

“My, Kimito-sama will be taught how to dance!”

Our surroundings got excited again.

Yep, it’s better this way.

“Kimito-sama, your hand, please.”

Facing each other in the center, I closed up on the already prepared Arisugawa-san, and we joined our hands.

That second—— Arisugawa-san’s face gradually reddened. I could feel her hands slowly sweating.

“…Are you alright?”

“I’m toughening myself!”

Our conversation didn't seem to connect in a strange way.

"W-Well then, first of all, please match my step and take your left foot out."

Alright, I'll let you all witness how a commoner embarrasses himself!

"One, two, three—— please go ahead."

But I should pay attention to not step on her feet…

……Hm?

……Huh?

Ooh—!

Unexpectedly, but— I'm managing somehow?!

Look at this, I'm matching the music!

Wait, but I shouldn't be able to dance?!

I could hear 'Oh my!' mutterings from our surroundings too.

"Is it really your first time?"

"Ah, yeah."

"You really are amazing."

Arisugawa-san narrowed her eyes. Her look was somewhat enthusiastic and embarrassing all the same.

Then our movements got out of sync. ——*That's bad, I got cocky.*

Our reactions got delayed and our feet tangled. We fell.

"Watch out—!"

I extended my arms at once and pulled her towards me.

grope~ ≡

My hands were squashed by two soft and overwhelmingly volumetric thingys.

It was Arisugawa-san's… errr… her bust.

I thought it'd be big, but that it'd be that big…

Because of the squeezing I was, like, 'they're that temptingly and surprisingly elastic?!'—— In the blink of an eye, her face grew red and her heart started to pound so hard, it made me wonder whose

heart it was to begin with. It felt like it'd break through the top of her head. All because I was sticking to her breasts.

"~~~~~~~~~~~~"

While Arisugawa-san had her eyes wide open, they teared up, and…

"——Hau~"

She passed out.

""""""REIKO-SAMAAAAAAAAA————————!""""""

The rescue maids moved in.

Chapter 12 - She's Just Eating Lunch Here (Aika-san's Everyday Life)

After I've eaten lunch in the dining hall, I was headed for the toilet.

It was really annoying.

In an academy where men were prohibited from entering in the first place, there were, of course, no toilets for men.

So, in case I had to do it in school, there was a number of places that had been designated. Point being, it were remote places that the ojou-samas normally didn't use.

Now the chosen one was the toilet on the first floor of the sports hall.

There certainly wouldn't be anyone who'd use that toilet around this time.

Not a person to be seen inside, it looked deserted.

——*Oh crap.*

Because I had this kind of journey behind me, I was being pushed pretty hard now.

I had to dash to the toilet; quickly.

The second I entered the room, my body completely switched into the 'all cannons locked and loaded' mode and it got dangerous right away.

Without thinking anything, I rushed in and opened a stall's door.

"…?! KYA—"

I stiffened.

Inside, there was Aika.

Sitting on the toilet seat, looking up at the intruding me with big eyes.

Oh crap! Did I just become a pervert who trespasses the girls' toilet…?! ———That kind of imagination crossed my mind…

It wasn't the case.

Aika's skirt wasn't let down, she had spread a cloth on top of her knees, and a small wisteria basket on top of it.

The insides were packed with food and said food was almost the same that I ate it for lunch just earlier.

Aika's hands held knife and fork.

"…What… are you doing?"

"……"

"You're… eating?"

Aika got taken aback.

Her face was about to get as red as a tomato——

"HENTAI—!"

She threw a croissant at me.

“It’s not that!”

“MOLESTER! PEEPING TOM! LECHER!”

“Lecher?! Why that weird vocabulary?!”

Wait, it really is *different here. I'm being treated as if I'd just peeked into the inside of a stall, but…*

She's just eating lunch here.

"I was told by the school to use this place, you know! Why would you eat lunch in this godforsaken——"

Then I suddenly remembered.

…I had heard it before. If I remembered correctly, this was the infamous toi——

"It's up to me where I eat, right?"

Aika got serious.

"I discovered this kind of place; a place where I can eat my lunch in peace and calm down, you know? It's a discovery of mine!"

Society calls this 'toilet lunch[1]*', you know…*

Aika-san resumed eating in front of the speechless me.

"Calling it 'independent', maybe? A luxury for the chosen ojou-sama of sorts?"

She skillfully operated her knife and fork, and put on an innermost relaxing expression——

"Aah, having dinner in a distant place is *so* calming—"

She's beyond hope.

A genuine loner.

Notes

1. The Japanese call this "Benjomeshi (便所飯)" which basically means toilet lunch. It's done to avoid others. If there's an English equivalent, enlighten me.

Chapter 13 - If That's the Case, I'll Become a Supernatural Too! (Commoner Club Activities Day 1)

"Club activities time!"

Aika declared in my room after school.

"Tell me lots about commoners!"

THUB—! She struck her own chest. On her upper arm—— she was wearing an armband saying 'Commoner Club'.

"What's that?"

"I made it myself!"

Now, aren't you bursting with motivation…

"Of course you'll get one too! It's proof for being a member! Come, put it on—"

She cheerfully put the armband on me.

"There, done! ——Ah, for your information, only wear it during club activities, okay? Take it off outside. The commoner club's a secret! If you spill the beans, it'll mean big trouble!"

Still being stupidly cheerful, she sat down on the zabuton and extended both her hands with a shining smile.

"Then, let us begin! What are we gonna do first?! What will it be?!"

"…I haven't given it a thought yet…"

"Haa?!"

"Well, it was just kinda impossible to…"

"Hmph, 'cause you were being all dere-dere with Arisugawa Reiko, huh?!"

Well, I was…

"Let me think."

Pacifying the suddenly ill-humored Aika, I sat down on the zabuton

cross-legged.

What to do? Even if she asks me to tell her about commoners…

“Hey, commoner.”

“What?”

“What’s this?”

When I checked, she had taken out some manga volume from of the bookshelf.

“That? That’s manga.”

Aika blinked in puzzlement,

“Man-ga?”

Uwa, you serious——?

How careless, and here I had intended to be aware of the ojou-samas’ general ignorance.

“You don’t know about it?”

Aika’s eyes suddenly opened wide at me, while mine were oozing an ‘Eh, you don’t know about this kinda thing either?!’ aura.

“I-I do know about it! H-Hoo? So commoners call it ‘manga’?!”

She totally doesn’t know.

“So commoner manga’s are like this, huh?! Looks a bit different from ours!”

Rattling on with her fast-talking, she kept turning the pages.

“Well, there’s no color at all, just black ‘n white, huh?! The pages are really crowded with pictures, do you want to save on the paper, I wonder?! Ara, ara, you guys sure are pitiful! Our ojou-sama manga’s a step ahead, with proper coloring, big pictures, and the cat dies 1000000 times over!”

Aren’t you talking about a picture book?

“And in the end the cat is… it’s… uguuuu…!”

“You’re crying?!”

Ah, enough.

I took out a handkerchief from my pocket and wiped her tears. Then I calmly put a tissue on her nose.

“C’mon, sneeze.”

sob, *sob*.

Can’t be helped, huh…

“…! Wait, what are you doing?!”

A sparkling arch was pulled from Aika’s nose.

“Don’t move! The snort!”

……Why did I have to be slapped.

“Hey, commoner.”

While Aika was holding the manga…

“How is it?”

“How?”

“Do all commoners have manga? Do they read it?”

“Hmm—— Well, that’s right. The majority does.”

“Then I’ll read it too.”

Hmmm.

“It’s probably a good idea. You’ll probably come to understand how our campus life and normal lives work too…”

“The commoners’ lives?”

“Yeah.”

And so Aika’s got psyched and energetically turned the pages.

She wanted to learn commoner culture to become popular in her class—— her determination was the real deal.

But… since the moment she had casted her eyes on the first page, Aika shivered.

Her brows wrinkled more and more.

“…What’s wrong?”

“I can’t read it.”

“Ha?”

“How do you read this?!”

She stuck it out.

“It’s just weird! I don’t get it at all!”

On the page she had opened was one those distinctive manga panels…

—Ah.

So she doesn’t know how to read the panel layout…?

“I see.”

“What’s with that attitude?! It pisses me off!”

“My bad, my bad. Um, with that, you see…”

I pointed at the panel.

“You start off by going from right to left. Then you go down, and then right to left again…okay? You get it now, right?”

“Yeah.”

Perhaps because she was off guard, she answered honestly like a child would.

“And when you come to a two pages spread like this, you…”

I gave her a brief rundown on everything and it seemed like Aika had come to understand how to read it.

Opening the book on her lap, Aika once again started reading.

Turning the pages somewhat awkwardly, she had kept saying various mumbling stuff like ‘Ahh’ and ‘This is a commoner’s school?’ in the beginning, but eventually—she became strangely quiet.

Immersion.

Without any real expression, she was reading with intense concentration.

The manga was called ‘A Magician’s Day[1]’, it was one of those so-called supernatural school battle mangas.

Revolving around the Holy Grail that was sealed in the academy, the students battled each other using their ‘Avatars’. You could also say it was a ‘stand battle[2]‘ type.

It was a manga that got a ‘I kinda like it’ out of someone like me, but perhaps because it was the first manga Aika had ever read in her life, she was reading it with incredible enthusiasm.

I didn't really have anything else to do so I, reluctantly, headed to the shared community kitchen.

Although I call it a shared community kitchen, this place was a full-fledged, high-standard kitchen and the refrigerator was packed with food.

I made some black tea and as a snack, I cut thin slices of bread and made them into a sandwich with fruits I had sliced up and yogurt; I arranged it all together on a plate. After I was done, I returned to the club room and placed it besides Aika.

Ahh, such a pain in the ass.

Still reading the manga enthusiastically, Aika picked up the sandwich.

I had sprinkled a little bit of salt on the fruit, it was my own personal touch. Salt always goes well together with bread, so it should've helped to bring out the flavor.

Not caring about any of that, Aika simply finished it up, *munch* *chomp* *chew*.

Well, not like I put that much effort into it in the first place. I calmly thought while refilling her tea.

…*thud*.

Aika was done reading the entire volume.

"How was it?"

"…It surprised me."

"Oh?"

"Why haven't you told me about it?"

"About what?"

Aika looked at me seriously.

"That commoner high school students… are all 'ability users'."

What… did she just…

Let's try to explain this.

Tenkuubashi Aika is a bit of a stupid tsunpure-san.

So, to this tsunpure-san who actually believed this manga setting to be true without batting an eye, I, I…

“To tell you the truth, it’s right.”

“NO WAY?!”

Aika shouted out.

“No way! Commoners! No way…!”

While taken aback, she was trembling all over.

And then, she suddenly stood up.

“If that’s the case, then I’ll become a supernatural too!”

She said.

“If commoners can do it, then there should be no reason an ojou-sama like I shouldn’t be able to!”

“…”

“And with that I’ll show off my avatar to everyone in class! This’ll stir up a big commotion and they’ll all be like ‘Aika-san is surely amazing!’. I’ll be popular! Girl A: ‘Compared to our ability user, Aika-san, it’s obvious that chairwoman Reiko-sama is absolutely inferior.’ Me: ‘My, my, everyone, it’s not nice to say things like that, okay?’ Girl B: ‘No, from now on Aika-san shall be the center of our class!’ Newly elected chairwoman (me): ‘Oh my, that someone like me… But if that’s what you all wish for, then…’—Serves you right, Arisugawa Reiko! Hahaha!”

She laughed loudly, spreading both her arms apart and striked a pose like Atlas holding up the world.

“Ah, don’t worry, commoner! Even if I do become a popular person, I’ll still talk to you! What an honor, right?! Ufufu!”

“——Well, we should get started with your special training, shouldn’t we?”

“That’s right! What do I do?!”

“To awaken the ‘avatar’ inside you, you need to make a contract.”

“I see. It said that in the manga.”

Nodding her head repeatedly, she continued,

“Like this, right?”

Just like in the manga, she was in a pose with both her arms crossed across her chest.

“No, like this.”

I took a ‘get[3]’ pose for Aika.

“…That’s different from the manga, isn’t it?”

“This is what *you* need to do. You’re not a commoner. You’re an ojou-sama, right?”

“I see. So that’s how it is?”

Easily believing me, she psyched herself up and assumed a ‘get’ pose.

“Next is the ‘ritual contract’, right?”

“That’s right.”

“…’O god of the beginning’…”

“Wait. That’s wrong.”

“Eh?”

“That was for the protagonist, you know? You should have your own ritual. Now then, close your eyes. You can hear it, can’t you? The voice from the depths of your heart.”

“…~~”

“O figure clad in thy golden garment.”

“O-O figure clad in thy golden garment.”

“Pointing towards the horizon.”

“Pointing towards the horizon.”

“With a twirl and a spin.”

“With a twirl and a spin.”

“Get.”

“Get!!”

“Now once again altogether!”

“O figure clad in thy golden garment, pointing towards the horizon, with a twirl and a spin, GET!!”

Now this was no more than an ordinary ‘get’.

The reminiscent performance of Aika echoed throughout the club room—and then it became deadly silent.

“…? Nothing’s coming out.”

“No, your avatar already came out.”

“Eh?”

“Ohhh! What an incredible aura! Certainly, you can’t see it’s figure, but it’s here!! You can’t feel that?! Really?!”

“N… Now that you mention it, I can feel it!”

“Right?! The name of your avatar is… um…”

“Did you just say ‘um’?!”

“Karuki!”

“Karuki?!”

“Yeah, it’s Karuki! To prepare for the final battle for the fate of the world it’s been continuously training in the heavens for 5,670,000,000 years. It’s ‘The Ultra M Soldier ・Karuki’! Ohhh, this is the strongest avatar, Aika!”

“R-Really?! Yay!”

“Now, let me see you use your power right away! Use the ability to stop time !”

Aika crossed both her arms and mustered her strength.

“Nuuuu~~~… !”

She forcefully she spread her arms out wide.

And then I acted as if time had stopped.

I stopped breathing, and nor did I blink.

“…!”

Aika noticed the abnormal event.

—*Now then, what will she do?*

“…Did I… really stop it…?”

Her eye’s blinked in surprise and she sidled up next to me.

“H-Hey.”

She lightly pushed my cheek.

And then—Aika’s gaze lit up right in front of me.

“Amazing! I’ve become an ability user!”

She celebrated with a ‘Hooray!’

Then she stood up and her arms were shaking in excitement. During that chance I blinked.

Aika looked back over here and guffawed.

“Uwa, what an incredible idiot! Stupid, stupid! Stupid commoner! Ufufu!”

…What the heck. I was wondering what she was going to do, but this isn’t cute at all (#^ω^).

Now then, I guess it’s about time to end this facade, I thought for a sec.

flip

Aika pulled up her skirt.

…?!

“Look, look!♪”

An inverted triangle with frills was swaying right in front of my eyes.

Aika happily displayed her panties while she looked down on me with eyes full of stupidity.

Feeling a slight breeze across my face, the situation spun out of control, it was a huge failure on my part.

Crap…

If I said something like ‘The truth is, I was just acting (teehee ☆)’ now, I’d become the victim in a murder case, no doubt.

“Ehehehe.”

Aika rummaged the top of my desk in high spirits and picked up a permanent marker.

So it’ll be that, huh? The standard ‘scribble on someone’s face’. Her creativity’s bottom.

“Alright. **Let’s write ‘Ichijinsha’ on his forehead.**”

Why the manga publisher’s——

With a *pop* she took off the cap and leaned over me.

Putting her hand out, she held my bangs up.

I felt the sensation of her soft fingers. Perhaps due to her high spirits, they felt a bit hot and sweaty.

Aika’s face soon came right before my eyes. She had a happy looking smile on.

Her lips… were a pink that looked slightly reddish.

I remembered. At the time when I first met this person, when she suddenly tried to kiss me—

…Crap. I wonder if I’m blushing.

While I had kept worrying about things like that, I suddenly noticed that Aika’s movements had stopped.

It realized that her cheeks, which were slightly above my eye level, were dyed red… and she was staring down at me.

W-What now?!

She looked hard at me with a *hmph* written all over her face.

With the sharp smell of the ink lingering in the air, time seemed to stand still.

Aika touched her lips with her fingers and blushed even more.

What? Just what is it…?

While thinking that, my eyes felt like they were on the verge to dry out.

And—— suddenly she tilted her chin and lightly closed her eyes.

Then, as if some kind of small force was attracting her to me, her face was moving closer——

And then she opened her eyes.

“N-NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“Oomph—?!”

I was slapped across the face and fell down onto the floor.

“…The hell! Just where the heck did that come from?!”

“Eh? Why are you talking…?”

“H-Huh? Oh, why does my cheek hurt, I wonder? (monotone)”

While pretending I was slightly injured I also kept up the act as if time had resumed. If I’d get found out now, I’d surely get slapped real hard.

“Oh why, I wonder? (monotone)”

“Because I’ve slapped you!”

You really just do say anything that comes to your mind, huh?

“Hm, hm… I see now! The time stop limit must’ve been hit, huh! I’ll have to keep that in mind from now on!”

While her face was gleaming she nodded.

…Well, anyways, I could deceive her. That’s a relief.

And then I saw the permanent marker roll by, the one of which she’d taken the cap off.

“Aika, hold up for a sec.”

It’d be a pain if ink got on her clothes.

“Honestly, it’s no good to just leave it like that with the cap taken off, you know?”

Grumbling that, I picked up the permanent marker.

“What was that ‘Ichijinsha on forehead’ all about.”

“Huh?”

“Oh.”

……Time stopped.

“You… How do you know about what I was going write?”

……Hah…

A smile showed on my face, similar to that of a veteran general who understood that he had had lost the battle.

“You… You’re kidding, right?! You have to be kidding me…!”

I clearly declared to Aika, who seemed to remember all she had done and turned as red as a tomato with her eyes tearing up,

“It was just an act. Sorry.”

I was viciously beat up.

Notes

1. Might or might not be a reference to “Mahou Tsukai no Yoru”.

2. Maybe a JoJo reference (スタンドバトル). At least googling it brings a lot of JoJo stuff up.

3. The ‘gettsu’ pose is meant here. It’s a pose done by a famous Japanese comedian. It looks like this. His routine usually consists of some story leading up to a punchline, then he’ll jump and spin around in a circle, followed by a ‘gettsu’. It will be referenced quite a lot in the beginning of the series.

Chapter 14 - Just What Kind of Cultural Heritage Are You Trying to Shape?!

Having just entered the sports building, I felt like I was in an ultra-luxurious fitness club.

The sun had almost set and it was close to dinner time so there wasn't anyone inside.

I had come here to use the bath.

The special bath for my personal use was still in construction (on hold until my parent's house was done) and, having said that, I had been told that I couldn't use the same bath as the young ladies. It troubled me.

I wasn't really thinking of anything despicable, okay?

And so, upon telling Aika that I'd had enough and wanted to refresh myself, she went 'Filthy! Don't come near me!', while being way too honest with me and telling me to come here.

I passed by the restroom that Aika had been eating in. But, I mean, the sports building again? What else to expect?

"Um… is it here?"

Following the guideposts, I arrived in front of the locker room.

Grabbing the door handle, I went inside—

——*Wait a sec.*

If enter without warning, it's not impossible that some kinda lucky misfortune might happen, like there actually still being girls inside, changing. Well, I guess it's rather something bad than lucky.

I carefully tried to sense if anyone was inside, and then I slowly pulled the door.

And inside the locker room—was no one.

Whew.

I took one of the dark brown wisteria baskets that were arranged in a neat line, and carefully placed my stripped clothes inside.

I headed towards the frosted glass door in my birthday suit, and——

slideopen

“Ah, Kiryuu. Good work toda—…”

Arisugawa-san was in the bathroom.

“————”

She realized it was me.

Arisugawa-san didn’t seem to be fully aware of what was going on yet and had her mouth slightly open. She had just come out of the bath, so she was of course stark naked.

Her wet skin was sleek, supple, and slightly steaming from the hot water.

Arisugawa-san’s big breasts—that I happened to have squeezed earlier—her slender belly, her **thighs**—— Water drops ran down on all of her perfect curves, her plump body was superb. Back to her **thighs, if I’d have made her wear knee socks, her tightened absolute zone**[1] **and the out spilling bits would carry a absolutely destructive power that would virtually overwhelm me.** I could see just about everything.

It was the first time in my life that I saw this.

“……”

And looking at me, Arisugawa-san’s gaze went… down.

I was just as naked.

“————~~~~~~~~!”

“U——UWAAAAAAA—?!”

I leaked a scream, snatched the nearby basket, and dashed out.

“S-SORRY—!”

I said through the closed door and ran for the corridor—still stark naked.

Reiko… gave in to her knees and sunk down with a thud.

She placed her hands on her chest. Her fingers had gotten numb and couldn't feel a thing.

Her breathing was out of control too.

What was this? It was surely very startling and embarrassing, but…

But—— it wasn't unpleasant.

It had been a sensation she hadn't experienced before. However, she knew the reason.

——Because it had been Kimito-sama.

Because what she had been able to see was… the lovely Kimito-sama.

Remembering it, she went completely red in embarrassment again. Both her hands accompanying her face seemed to burn. But still—— it felt pleasing, somehow.

She had been seen naked.

And she had seen him naked.

Exposing one's skin to the opposite sex without a reason—it was something a lady must never do.

That's what the teachers had told her. Only do it for the person your heart's set on. Only do it for the one whose wife you'll become.

And her mother and grandmother had said so too.

That's why, yes… it came down to this…

She could do nothing but become his wife.

Reiko hugged her body tightly. Her ample breasts were crushed by her arms, water drops slipped into her valley.

"I… must do it…"

She had to.

Ah, but it wasn't like that.

It wasn't because she had been told to, or because her grandparents had been like that.

She simply understood by instinct – maybe because her whole body felt numb, the burning sensation, or the embarrassing, yet pleasant, feeling that she was experiencing for the first time.

A sweet mist was clouding her mind.

She sneezed.

…Arisugawa-san looked kind of strange.

We faced each other across the desk and she was absorbed in something. Her face was slightly blushed, her eyes clouded or intoxicated by something. Did she have a fever?

“Arisugawa-san?”

“Ah—— yes…?”

A bit of a delayed response.

“Please excuse me, I was thinking about something.”

“Are you alright?”

“Yes… thank you for your concern…”

We were in the middle of practicing conversation during English classes.

Seikain put considerable emphasis on foreign languages like English.

As many of the present young ladies would likely be in positions where they’d talk with important people from overseas or their wives; it served as preparation for such.

In the formal, wooden classroom, the ojou-samas, those who had paired with someone else, showered me with somewhat envious looks.

By the way, Aika had paired up with the teacher. It had a ‘…Oh, of course…’ feeling to it.

“Then it’s my turn, right?”

“Yes.”

“…Yu nou[2].”

“Yuinou[3]?!”

Arisugawa-san’s showed a startled reaction. She got restless.

“That can’t be, so soon… Ah, but back in my grandmother’s days marrying and leaving school within a term wasn’t out of question…”

“Ehm, Arisugawa-san?”

“First of all, I should go and greet Kimito-sama’s parents… Ah, I’m getting a bit tensed now…”

“Arisugawa-san?”

“——Yes…?”

“Something wrong?”

“Ah— N-No, it’s nothing! For me of all people to get absorbed in…”

As if to deceive me, she let her eyes wander around restlessly.

“…Can I move on?”

“Yes, please do.”

“——Weiding fo—”

“WEDDING?!”

RATTLE—! She stood up.

“NOW?! …Ah, but it’s true, isn’t it?! We should start preparations right away so that we can entertain everyone with a wonderful ceremony, it can never be too early…”

Wai— Why are you starting to fold origami so fidgety for?! And why out of the textbook pages?!

“Please leave it to me. Allow me to have the privilege of devoting my everything to the ceremony preparations. Ah, but I also want to follow Kimito-sama’s wishes. If we don’t be careful, I think I’ll be overcome by the desire to decide just about everything by myself… Aah ≡”

tear, *tear*…

“You mustn’t tear the pages, Arisugawa-san! Actually, what’s with this awe-inspiring origami?! **Just what kind of cultural heritage are you trying to shape?!**”

Arisugawa-san was being weird.

“…Turewel… Yes, where might it be nice. Within the country? Abroad…?”

She muttered along as if it wasn’t strange during her own turn.

“It should be someplace warm, after all, shouldn’t it? Or should we rather go north and gaze at the aurora together? I’d like to try going to a hot spring too. But anywhere would be fine… anything would be

fine ≡”

She placed her hand at her cheek absentmindedly.

“…Reiko-sama, is something the matter…?”

The surrounding ojou-samas were watching her uneasily.

Really, what *was* wrong with her?

Notes

1. Try Google or watch Outbreak Company for an explanation.

2. Imagine awkward English from here on. Wait, you’re already reading it, never mind.

3. She means “yuinou (結納)” which means “engagement gift” and sounds like “you know” (kind of).

Chapter 15 - Haqua-sama Did?! The Haqua-sama who Doesn't Keep Her Panties On?! (Shiodome Haqua)

I came across a graffiti scene.

While leisurely exploring the sprawling school grounds, I discovered an ojou-sama who was scribbling on a white marble statue with a permanent marker.

There's no way someone from this school is… I was shocked, but this girl seemed to be in one of the lower grades in elementary school. Well, with that it's not impossible, I guess?

The pigmentation of both her hair and skin was pale, it looked as if she was transparent.

Silky, short hair. A seemingly calm profile. A beauty like thin ice.

The girl continued with her scribble, not noticing me.

It's probably better if I give her a warning…

I somewhat gathered my courage and drew closer.

——*Eh?*

She was writing mathematical formulas.

Code and algebra I had never seen before. They were formulas of a level I couldn't even understand in the slightest. Yet with the vigor of an animal on the run, she continued the writing furiously.

The horse that was part of the statue looked like Odin from Final Fantasy and it had become the space for the graffiti.

I was dumbfounded, and before my eyes the space the horse provided was just about to run out, so the girl got on all fours. Her skirt got turned up. Stretching out from her grey panties I could see **her thin and childish thighs**.

She had assumed a posture that made her butt stick out, and like this she continued to scribble onto the flagstone with her permanent marker. Before long, the ink couldn't keep up anymore.

And yet she didn't stop. She continued writing vigorously, it was clear as day that the driving force of her thoughts hadn't stopped. It appeared that she could still clearly see the characters before her eyes.

But then she suddenly stopped.

She stood up, stared at the non-existent characters on the flagstone, and took her coat off.

Is she hot maybe? I thought, and after continuing to observe,

strip, she took off her blouse and got naked from the waist up.

Next she removed the fastener of her skirt and started to…

"HOLD ON! HOLD! ON!"

Without thinking I ran over to her. ***Your thighs are going to show, you know?!***

"What the heck are you doing?! Come on, put it back on!"

I picked up the blouse and put it on her shoulders.

But the girl continued glaring at the 'transparent' formula—and dropped her skirt.

"Why'd you take that off now?!"

At that time he could hear the voices of a couple of chattering young ladies approaching from the other side of the building.

"The poem collection that I have read consists of mainly the likes of Heinrich Heine, Rainer Maria Rilke, and Paul Verlaine."

"Oh my, you're quite the avid reader, aren't you?"

I quickly reviewed the situation I was in.

Together with an unclothed elementary school girl, me vigorously holding the skirt she had taken off.

OH CRAP!

"Haa… Haa…"

I had returned to my room.

I laid the almost naked elementary school girl down on the carpet.

With her crumpled blouse and skirt only *lying* on her body, it was very unladylike.

Her childish eyes were staring up at the ceiling, seemingly nowhere in particular. With an expression that was void of any emotion, she looked like a doll that had lost its soul.

“Haa… Haa…”

I fixed my disheveled clothing while I wheezed violently after this intense, involuntary exercise.

I looked down at the motionless kid who wasn’t even so much as twitching.

“Hurry. Clothes. Put them on.”

No response.

“Um… you’ll catch a cold, you know?”

Having freaked out with a ‘Crap!’, I had picked up the girl and did an emergency retreat. As the result, I was right back where I started… I had returned to my room with her; with her like *this*.

What should I do?

Although she had went into object mode for now, this situation made me look a wee bit like the culprit, right?

And then, the girl suddenly jumped up.

With the permanent marker in her hand she dashed for the wall. She was trying to write something again—but then she stopped in her tracks.

After full three seconds…

“It disappeared.”

She muttered with an unexpectedly mature voice.

Just letting her hand that had been stretched out drop, she was still a bit absent minded.

She turned her head and stared at me intently.

“W-What?”

And then she looked down at her body. Seemingly, she just noticed that she was only wearing her panties right now.

Once again, she looked at me with that expressionless gaze of hers, and…

“Did you?”

“I DID NOT!”

I didn’t understand her reasoning.

“*You* took off your clothes, right?!”

“Why would I have deemed it necessary to take off my clothes?”

“AS IF I’D KNOW!”

What the heck? Is it possible that she doesn’t remember…?

The girl looked down at her bare chest. Next she looked at the crumpled up blouse besides her, and then…

Her attitude suggested a ‘oh well’ and she moved on to looking out the window.

“THAT AIN’T RIGHT!”

I retorted before I knew it.

“That’s enough, put on your clothes!”

I don’t know how many times I’ve seen this child naked, but it’s an abnormal amount for sure!

“I am unable to abide.”

“Why?!”

“I don’t know how to put on clothes.”

She plainly said.

Eh? Well, certainly, it’s usually maids that put the clothes on, so it might be, but still…

“If you just try, then you might manage, right?”

“I lack the necessary experience.”

“But you were able to take them off earlier.”

“I’ve never done anything like that.”

“…”

What's up with her? I scratched my head in desperation. And then ——

achoo, she sneezed.

I sighed and grabbed her blouse. *Can't be helped, huh?*

"Come on, raise your right hand."

Circling her from behind, I put her arms through the sleeves.

She was obedient… Or rather, she was completely passive. It was a strange feeling, kind of like changing a doll.

"The buttons are… impossible from here, huh?"

Returning to her front, I fastened the button. She was opposite me, so it was an incredibly difficult thing to do.

I felt her intent gaze.

"I am Shiodome Haqua."

Haqua, huh?

"I'm Kagurazaka Kimito. You saw me at that Commoner Explanatory Meeting the other day, remember?"

"I've been in the lab since the day before yesterday."

"Lab?"

GRUMBLE! Haqua's stomach rumbled loudly.

"That sound is a warning that my blood sugar level has fallen."

They say an army can't fight on an empty stomach.

…Can't be helped, huh? I stood up.

"Come now."

I placed the plate on top of the desk.

It was bag ramen.

Under the pretense 'It's for the sake of preserving the commoner-ness', I had been allowed daily necessities supplies from the outside. I got my hands on them them by requesting something I want and eventually receive it once Kujou-san gave her approval.

Today things like instant ramen had arrived.

“What is this?”

“It’s commoner food.”

However, it was no ordinary ramen.

It was an original recipe of mine—‘Cool Chili Oil Ramen’.

After the noodles have been cooked, I turn the heat off and mix in the powder soup.

Then I throw boiled bean sprouts and thin slices of seasoned chicken in that I cook on the stove in the meantime. Thereafter, I complete it all by putting chili oil on top. Green onions are up to preference. I recommend salt. If it’s miso then use minced meat.

“It’s some cooking that I thought up. C’mon, try it.”

After alternating looking at me and the food a bunch of times, Haqua picked up the chopsticks.

“Ah, you should try pushing the bean sprouts that are on top down and mix them with the noodles… Well, whatever.”

…*slurp*, *slurp*. *chomp*, *chomp*.

When someone was eating an original recipe of mine, it made me all excited for some reason.

“…How was it?”

“Can be eaten.”

While saying that in bits and pieces, she continued eating. With her expressionless face, I couldn’t tell whether she liked it or not.

But nonetheless, she finished it all.

Getting the after meal oolong tea, I moved the plate out of the way.

Seemingly not planning to wipe her mouth, I decided to wipe it for her with a ‘Can’t be helped’.

Haqua just sat there motionlessly while I did it. It kind of felt like playing with dolls.

Upon looking out the window, I noticed that the color of the sky was changing.

“It’s about time you returned to your dormitory, isn’t it? I’ll take you there… Hey, don’t fall asleep!”

Haqua had lied down. When I tried to get her up, her arm dangled idly.

“If you fall asleep here, it’d trouble me, you know?! C’mon, get—OW?!”

Her head suddenly rose and hit my chin.

“Don’t just stand up all of a sudden!”

Completely disregarding me, Haqua rushed over to the wall, took a permanent out of her pocket, and started writing an equation——

“Stop that!”

I quickly held her down.

She was thrashing around violently. I continued holding her down, grabbed a piece of paper with my other hand, and brought it towards her.

“Here, write on this.”

Just as I placed it before her eyes—she started writing with an incredible force.

The paper was filled up in the blink of an eye, and the tip of the pen continued on like that on to the carpet—

swoosh! I barely managed to get another piece of paper in.

It continued on like that. The poker-faced Haqua wrote formulas and figures and I added on the paper.

With this, I understood. This child was a so-called ‘child prodigy’, wasn’t she?

swoosh… Something fell on top of my head.

“…?”

I took the object in my hands and looked at it—it were panties.

While Haqua was writing formulas with furious velocity, she was already taking off her skirt with the other hand.

“Why are you stripping?!”

I promptly grabbed her skirt. And then——

snap… The buttons of her blouse got undone.

“WHY THE HELL ARE YOU SO FAST?!”

I frantically tried to stop Haqua, who seemed to be releasing her Bankai.

As I was hanging over the back of this half naked elementary school girl, pinning her down——

ker-chak

”I’m here, commoner! Well now, what club activities should we do today…”

Aika hardened up like a rock.

“I-It’s not like that!”

With a feeling of ‘Hold on!’, I placed both my hands on the ground.

“It’s a misunderstanding! It’s definitely not what you’re thinking!”

However, Aika was far from calm and looked at my hands that I had placed on the ground. She started to shake violently.

When I checked what she was looking at——

I was tightly grasping Haqua’s panties.

“P-PERVEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERT!”

I was violently beaten up.

Haqua was a genius after all.

She had already been granted numerous patents in engineering and chemistry at the age of 14 and had furthermore acquired awards for her mathematical papers.

Haqua was a celebrity within the school. The academy had built a laboratory just for her sake.

“That’s it? That’s the lab?”

“Correct.”

Haqua replied. Personally, her middle schooler appearance surprised me the most.

It was a square-shaped building quite close, surrounded by trees in a systematical manner. The lab felt quite different from your usual business building, more like something you’d only find in Silicon Valley.

So they built that just for Haqua…

“You’re quite amazing, huh…?”

“People tell me that often.”

She wasn’t getting carried away or anything, it really just felt like she was stating the mere truth.

“That dorm over there’s yours?”

I was in the middle of escorting Haqua to her room.

“Let’s go then.”

“With Kimito?”

She asked and fixated her gaze on me.

“Yeah, I’ll get you there.”

Then she slowly shifted her gaze up front again.

“I see.”

“Off we go then.”

As I turned for the road, Haqua kept a very close distance.

We arrived in front of her room and I explained everything to Haqua’s maid.

Her maid—she had a digi cam in her hand—was utterly shocked and confused at first, but soon recovered her professional appearance and bowed with a ‘So something like this happened? Thank you very much.’.

“Is that a digi cam?”

I asked after noticing it.

“Yes. It’s for recording what Haqua-sama writes on walls. Thereafter, I’m obliged to clean them.”

“I see… sounds like trouble.”

“Not at all.”

She expressed with a professional smile.

“Ah, right. She ate already.”

I reported just in case. Then——

The maid appeared as if thunderstruck.

“Is something wrong?”

“…! N-No… She ate? Haqua-sama did?”

“Ehm… is that bad?”

“Nono—! …By the way, what did she eat…?”

“…? Ramen. Instant ramen. Just something I made.”

The maid was in a daze.

“……Impossible……”

“…Is it bad after all?”

“——T-That’s not true. Ah, that’s—— Haqua-sama’s in your debt. Thank you.”

She bowed to me with a feeling which suggested that she was barely keeping up appearances.

I’d gotten curious, but it’d also be rude to pry, so I took my leave.

“Later, Haqua.”

I said briefly and turned my back.

grip.

Something tucked my sleeve.

When I turned around… it was Haqua’s tiny hands.

“Something wrong?”

Thereupon, she fixated her gaze on me with an expressionlessness as untainted as white snow.

“Stay.”

She said.

***SHOCKED*—!** The maid backed off and hit the back of her head at the door.

“Are you alright?”

“No— Yes—”

She said, trembling terribly.

And I asked Haqua,

“Why?”

Haqua blinked in puzzlement. While her profoundly limpid eyes reflected me, she sighed,

“…I don’t know.”

***SHOCKEDOFFTHECHARTS*—!** The maid hit her head again.

“Excuse me?”

“I’m fine! I’m fine! Please continue!”

Continue what?

I placed my hand on Haqua’s head.

I knew that she was a second-year in middle school, but she had more of a younger cousin feeling to me.

“I’ll come around again,” I smiled, “Okay?”

With that… her grip on my uniform loosened and she finally let go.

“Again.”

“Right, later.”

I caressed her head. While Haqua didn’t let her eyes off of me, she muttered,

“Come again.”

“That Haqua-sama did?!”

There was a big commotion in the maid staff room.

“I was reaaaaaaally surprised!”

Haqua’s personal maid told her colleagues fervently.

“*That* Haqua-sama! *That* Haqua-sama who neglects other people, *that* Haqua-sama who doesn’t care about her panties, *that* Haqua-sama who has absolutely no interest in anything but studies! *She* grabbed his sleeve and said ‘…Stay’——!”

“”””””NO WAY——?!”””””””

While she reported the happenings with some weird imitation of Haqua in between, her colleagues were astonished.

“Haqua-sama did?! *The* Haqua-sama who doesn’t keep her panties on?!”

“That Haqua-sama who keeps stripping her panties with almost frightening skill whenever she starts to concentrate?! The Haqua-sama who can’t do anything ordinary?!”

“That’s really curious.”

Everyone nodded with a ‘yeah, yeah’ in consent. Most of the maids present had experience in handling Haqua. It was a big hassle to look after this genius girl who was unusual in various ways, so the general care procedure had turned into a short term baton passing.

“She strips anywhere, right?”

“Nonono, that’s not the point right now, okay?!”

Haqua’s current maid-in-charge got them back on track.

“…True, huh? For her to be obsessed over something that isn’t related to studies… And even another person to boot, it’s astonishing.”

“You’re not making this up?”

“I’m not! Plus, it doesn’t end here!”

GRAB—! She prepared a spoon.

“On top of that—— SHE ATE NOTHING SPECIFIC!”

The maids went out of their minds.

“”””””NO WAY————————?!”””””””

“Haqua-sama only eats specific things for each day of the week and yet…”

“Today’s wednesday, so it’s hotate gratin day? Maybe it was hotate gratin by chance…”

“It was—— some commoner ramen!”

The maids gasped.

“Commoner ramen? The food which gets prepared with just boiling water?”

They had been raised ‘outside’ once, but among the women were many who, when seen from a ‘normal’ point of view, had perfect celebrity-like origins and hence little common ground with the masses. They were, to a bigger or lesser degree, curious when it came to commoners and their lifestyle.

“Has such an exception ever…?”

“Not in the least! Absolutely not!”

What could it mean…? The maids were at a loss for a little while.

“…She’s pleased with commoner ramen?”

“I wonder… Ah—— She added that he should stay, yes? Wasn’t this because of the commoner too? Maybe she’s getting interested as you’d expect? Haqua-sama’s a local ojou-sama too.”

“I see! So it’s that!”

“I get it, so it’s the commoner, isn’t it…?”

“It’s the commoner after all, right?”

They went ‘yeah, yeah, yeah’ in unison.

At that moment, a maid who had a somewhat similar way of thinking as commoners solely said,

“…She… couldn’t have fallen in love, could she?”

After a brief moment of silence equalling a small stone falling into a calm water surface.

“H-Haqua-sama? Iiiiiiiimpossible!”

“But Haqua-sama’s a girl too, and despite appearances, she’s 14, and…”

Everyone’s gazes wandered naturally to the maid-in-charge. Their faces seemed to ask ‘What do you think about the matter?’.

Like a great mystery detective, the maid in charge placed her fingers on her chin and gave it a thought…… Then her expression omitted a ‘not impossible’.

The maids' faces were brimming with aspiration

They were young women after all. In a workplace with nothing but girls. That thing's totally—— Things are definitely more interesting *that* way.

"We can't… let our eyes off of this from now on, right?"

All of the maids' faces showed full consensus.

Chapter 16 - It Felt Like the Garden of Eden

A huge greenhouse came into my sight.

Everyone in class went picking flowers which would then be used in the next flower arrangement course.

“We do that by ourselves, huh?”

“Yes. If we pluck them ourselves, it will make us want to carefully arrange them; that’s what our teachers told us.”

Arisugawa-san said. *I see, I think I’d feel the same. Guess I should give it some good thinking, huh?*

“…I wonder if I can even do a flower arrangement…”

“If it’s Kimito-sama, then I’m sure. With my humble support, anything will be possible.”

“Yeah, I’m in your hands.”

“Yes. For many years to come.”

“Ha?”

“Eh?”

Arisugawa-san would recently daydream and say the weirdest things.

At those times, I’d always feel a gaze stinging my back and for certain reasons I was convinced that it came from Aika, who was currently walking right behind me.

We entered the greenhouse.

A girl was squatting in front of the flowerbed.

She had long hair, cut evenly. I was taken aback by her beauty at first.

Her gaze was fixated on the flowers, it felt cold and oozed an aloof presence.

An awe-inspiring, oldschool Yamato Nadeshiko—— that’s the feeling

I got from her.

My classmates looked scared.

What's wrong?

That moment the girl stood up and noticed me.

A calm yet nimble movement, like the that of a samurai. If she'd worn a sword, it'd fit her perfectly.

dangle

SHE'S ONE FASTENED ON TO HER WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIST?!

She was headed for the exit, in other words, our way.

The ojou-samas hurriedly backed off into a corner.

Not even deigning to look at them for a fleeting glance, her expression continued to stay cold. While her sword clattered on her waist, she oozed the of a someone who's bound to do some sort of martial arts, and I couldn't see her as anything else but a beat 'em up character or someone who'd cut down zombies.

Making her way through the scared gazes in a way that sure made her look superior, she soon passed by me.

I was just thinking that I had to make way—— from behind a, *BZZZ*, bug came flying.

As she passed me, she turned her head into my direction.

Instantly…

"KYAAAAAAAAAAAAA————————!"

She slashed with all her strength.

The edge of the blade brushed against the tip of my nose.

"Bug! BUUUUUUG————————————!"

"UWAAAA—?!"

Her sword was totally aimed at me.

I fell on my backside and, *STAB*, she thrusted the blade right into the ground in front of my crotch.

"HIIIIIIIII————?!"

"…Ha… Haa…"

The girl was shaking all over while teary eyed.

"……That was scary……"

Huh?

Even at this distance, I barely heard it. It was way too unexpected.

And right thereafter, she got back to her senses just as fast.

In the blink of an eye her face turned red.

Taking glances around her, she seemed to be embarrassed and bit her lip.

'Now I've done it' was clearly written all over her face.

"…To think she would call the commoner 'bug' and try to cut him down…"

"Karen-sama is a terrifying person after all…"

Huh? No, you've got it wrong. She was simply scared by a——

"T-That's right!"

raise, she pointed her sword at me.

"You damn insect! How about I exterminate you right now?!"

"You're completely going along with it!"

"You spirogyra!"

"Spirogyra aren't bugs. you know?!"

"…?! S-Silence! Karen Sword Style——"

She raised her sword overhead.

"[RESOLUTION]!"

SLASH! A straight-lined shockwave flew across the ground, scattering the flowers in the process.

"EHHHHHHHHH———?!"

I threw myself out of its way.

"What's with that special move?! Are you some beat 'em up character for real?!"

The ojou-sama's screamed out.

"Who said you could evade it?!"

"Don't be absurd!"

“[RESOLUTION]!”

“UWAAAAAAA?!”

“Tsk, this nimble Spiro— B-Bug!”

“You were trying to say spirogyra again right now, weren’t you?!”

“I was not! ———If that’s how it’s going to be, then how about this! Karen Sword Style… [PROFUSION]!”

A tornado appeared.

Karen swung her sword around with fearsome speed and an inescapable storm appeared in all directions around her.

“…”

However, the range of that couldn’t have been more than about two meters from where she was, so she just kept spinning there.

For me, being on the edge of it, it felt like a breeze of an electric fan set at medium.

Shortly after, she stopped.

“……Haa…… Haa…… Haa.”

She had worn herself out completely.

…And her face was like a child’s who knew they had done something dumb.

The surrounding young ladies were watching intently in puzzlement too.

And then——

Their school uniforms were being ripped into small pieces and scattered to the ground like flower petals.

They were lined up in their simple yet elegant underwear.

“”””””KYAAAAAA————————!”””””””

They crouched down all at once.

“DON’T LOOK, IDIOT COMMONER!”

Aika looked as if her whole body had been boiled.

“Aah, again! Kimito-sama has seen me again in this shameful state __”

Maybe it was just in my head, but Arisugawa-san appeared a bit

pleased even.

Did her technique cause this just now…?

“Y-You lowlife! How dare you commit such a shameless act!”

“THAT WAS YOU!”

After I’ve retorted…

flapflapflap…

…Huh? Isn’t it getting cold in here?

When I checked—— I was standing there looking like a bit of a maniac—only in my trunks and sneakers.

“”””””KYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA————————?!”””””””

A far more deafening shriek than before.

Quite a number of the young ladies fainted.

But there were also those who covered their eyes with their hands and peeked through the crack between their fingers.

“Ah…… Ah……”

Karen’s katana was rattling in her both hands. Tears welling up in both of her eyes——

“NOOOOOOOOOOOO————————!”

She came running at me. It felt like a crying brat that comes at you just to repeatedly ‘punch’ you with his fists.

But *she* had a sword.

“…! WAI——”

SLASH——! The shockwave almost hit me.

“HIIIIII—?!”

“A MAN! A FILTHY MAN!”

Every time she recklessly swung her sword around, she scattered flowers.

I was driven into a corner.

“Wait! I’ll die! I’ll die for real!”

“FINISHING BLOW—!”

She raised her sword above her head.

I lost it and—just leapt in front.

We collided. I didn't know what happened. My head had gone pure white.

"…"

When I came to, I realized—I was straddling over Karen.

I was straddling right above her chest. Right in front of my trunks was the tranced face of Karen.

Huh? This… is a bad position, isn't it?

"…Mm…"

Karen's face grimaced, and she seemed to be about to open her eyes.

And then…

My trunks, *rip*, fell off too.

Karen opened her eyes.

…The abundant amount of flower petals that were soaring in the air came raining down spinning like windmills.

And they fell down onto me, making me look like I had just been born.

How should I say… **It felt like the Garden of Eden.**

It was like some extremely avant-garde flower arrangement.

“〇＊＃★＝＄％＆！ （๑ˈωˈ๑） ” Q＃{’ ＞／’ ～、 ()＃☆※”

Her pupils widened quickly and her iris lost its light.

She had passed out.

Behind the school building, a Japanese sword was pointed at me.

“I’ve got something to ask the likes of you.”

“…Eh?”

I had been prepared to be cut down swiftly, but this kind of outcome took me by surprise.

Actually… Wait, she’s glaring at me… She probably just wants me to say my last words are.

Since I had shown her **my Eden**, I didn’t think she’d let me off the hook.

“You—— among the commoners, how strong are you?”

“Ha…?”

“Answer!”

She had a sharp glint in her eyes.

“Well… I think I’m rather weak…”

“…What… did you…”

Karen gulped.

“THAT CAN’T BE—!”

The edge touched the back of my neck.

“HIII—?!”

“Your last move, the one that beat me, it was clearly martial arts!”

“Haa?! I didn’t do anything, I don’t even know martial arts!”

“Y-You’re feigning ignorance?!”

“It was all by chance! Like when you outdo your own strength in the eye of death!”

“————————…”

Karen opened her eyes wide and slowly lowered her sword. She bent slightly forward.

“……Well then, so it’s like this? You’re an amateur with no knowledge of martial arts whatsoever?”

“Yeah.”

“And you’re the weakest among the commoners.”

“No… I wouldn’t go that far…”

“And I lost to such a guy…!”

She clenched her fists, seemingly frustrated.

“The [Karen Sword Style] that I’ve thought out in self study lost to the weakest among commoners!”

“That was self study?! Isn’t that quite incredible?!”

“As—— AS IF I COULD ACCEPT THIS!”

DSHING—! She prepared her sword.

“Revenge! I’ll cut you down on the spot and recover my honor!”

“EEEH—?! WAIT A SE—”

“DIE—!”

RAISE, she held her sword above her head—— and…

scatterscatterscatter…

Karen’s uniform scattered.

A cute bra and panties with a bunny print. For some reason, she had written her name, ‘Karen’, in big, childish letters on them.

“……”

Still with the sword raised above her head, Karen was in shock.

“…I didn’t even see that commoner’s attack come…”

——*Eh?*

“No, that was probably your own technique earli————”

RATTLE…

The blade slipped out of Karen’s hands.

“……Complete defeat……”

Dejected, she fell to her knees.

“He’s the weakest? Dreadful… what dreadful people those commoners are…!”

“I didn’t do a thing! You did that all yourself!”

“I, myself…?”

“Yeah!”

“…I see…”

“So you finally get it…”

“You mean that the essence of martial arts is to make the opponent beat themselves without even raising one’s hand against them? —— It’s no use, our levels are way apart—!”

“Nonono?!”

“…I understand.”

While she teared up, she positioned herself in perfect seiza.

“I shall acknowledge the likes of you, who has bested me, as my master.”

“Are you some kinda summoning beast?!”

“However, you shall remember this! The second the likes of you grow weaker than me, I will take your life!”

“On top of that, the type who gnaws at their master?! Are you a nether dragon[1] or something?!”

“Until that point, you can use me in however way it pleases you…!”

Her tears fell while still in her bunny underwear.

Thereafter, even though I tried to solve the misunderstanding a dozen times, it only grew worse in the weirdest ways.

The next day the rumor spread that I had subdued Karen and turned her into my manservant with brute force alone. And of course talk like ‘Commoners are amazing’, ‘He sure is a brute, but it mysteriously makes my chest tighten’ etc. arose.

Notes

1. Either another Final Fantasy or Yu-Gi-Oh! reference, or something else entirely. I don’t play either, so tough luck.

Chapter 17 - That's the 'Conversation Drill'! (Aika-san's Everyday Life Part 2)

Today, yet again, I was making Aika a snack in the shared community kitchen.

The commoner club kept degenerating into the 'Aika idles around while reading manga'-club. It was headed full speed for the stereotypical cultural club depravity.

When I was done making a strawberry galette and returned to my room—— Aika was sitting at the desk.

She was enthusiastically writing something into a notebook. Her immersion was high enough to not even notice me entering.

For a second I thought she looked like Haqua, but there was something really different about her. And that something was…

"……Ufufu…"

Her smirk – really off-putting. While she went on giggling 'Ufufu, ufufu', her pen swiftly ran across the paper.

"…You mustn't be tricked…"

She's even talking to herself! So gross!

When I was standing stock still thinking that she was such an idiot, the pen stopped; and she put it away.

Then she looked nowhere in specific with her eyes sparkling.

She had a full-fledged grin on her face like the artist of a done Shuraba[1] who was thinking, 'With this, the game's done'.

Finally, she became aware of me.

"…! S-Since when have you been there?!"

FAWP—! She lay the notebook face down and tried to hide it.

"I didn't see anything in specific, alright? That your diary?"

“That’s not a diary! That’s the ‘**Conversation Drill**‘—!”

“…Conversation Drill?”

Aika covered her mouth as if to say ‘Now I did it’.

…She pondered for a bit.

“That’s right—!”

Looks like she’s chosen the serious route.

“Like the name suggests, it’s a workbook for conversations! In order to be able to obtain as much skill in communicating with my classmates as possible, I write down **imaginary exchanges with everyone** or take notes of the conversations that take place in the classroom and then **I change them as if I’d taken part in them**!”

……Oh God.

“What? What’s with that face?!”

“No, nothing.”

“And so I kept adding to it! On first glimpse, a swan swims elegantly too, but underwater it’s flutter-kicking for its life, you know?!”

But you’re not even swimming elegantly above the surface here.

“Now that I’ve had my breakthrough in commoner culture, the fruits of my training will soon be ready to be reaped!”

With an impression as if she’d gotten completely pumped now, Aika stuck the notebook out to me.

“You’re my assistant in the become-popular-plan, right? It’s fine if you’re the one to see it, okay?”

She said while puffing her small chest out like a sail.

“In there there are countless simulations that we can use as strategies for sure. It’s fine for you to read it and embrace the overwhelming feeling of respect in the eye of my great efforts and genius, you know? Ufufu!”

“……”

I accepted the notebook.

For now, I felt nothing but a straight bad premonition, but it was the

thrill of being able to look at something scary – and knowing it's scary made you want to look all the more – that won in the end.

On the cover it said in characters as beautifully written as ever 'Conversation Drill ⑥'.

……So she wrote up 6 volumes of this?

"Alright, shall I then?"

"By all means!"

I opened the notebook and had a look at the first conversation.

Setting: I'm holding onto the hands of a classmate who's about to fall down a steep cliff

"WHY?!"

I tsukkomi'ed on the very first line.

"Don't these things happen?"

"THEY DON'T!"

"C-Complain *after* you've read it!"

…It couldn't be helped, so I read on.

Classmate: "It's hopeless… Aika-sama, please let go!"

Me: "No! I won't ever let go!"

Classmate: “Why would you go this far…? Even though Aika-sama usually doesn’t even talk to us…”

Classmate: “Huh… Could Aika-sama possibly be someone who can’t tell lies? As she’s not able to hide her exact thoughts, she vents them immediately and so she’s scared of destroying her relationships with others? And actually that already happened in the past? Because of that, she puts herself in a distance so that this won’t happen again? But in reality she wants to become close friends with everyone? And on top of that become popular in class —— Could it be that?”

Me: “That’s right!”

Classmate: “If it’s that, then I think that Aika-sama is a splendid person!”

I pull my classmate up.

Classmate: “Aah, thank you so much, Aika-sama! You’re a life saver!”

Me: “I only did what anyone would do. Because, aren’t we classmates?”

Classmate: “Um… would you mind becoming my friend from today on?”

Me: “Of course not! Till death do us part!”

The other classmates come rushing over.

Everyone: “You’re amazing, Aika-sama! Please, by all means, become our friend too!”

Aika: “Yeah, of course! Till death do us part!”

Everyone: “Aah, Aika-sama!”

Everyone: “You’re much more wonderful than Reiko-sama!”

Me: “Is that so~”

“WHAT’S THE FLIPPING IDEA—?!”

I tsukkomi’ed loudly.

“The heck’s with that abnormal comprehension ability of that classmate?! And why that setting to begin with?!”

“But wouldn’t you want to save your classmates in a cool pinch like that?”

“Are you a pubescent boy or what?!”

“You’re being annoying…”

While Aika pouted her lips, she flipped through the pages.

“Here, that one’s something more familiar.”

March 2nd, Classroom

A: “The exam phase commences today, doesn’t it?”

B: “What should I do? I hardly studied at all.”

A: “My…”

“Oh, that one actually happens.”

“I took notes of that real conversation, you know?”

“That kinda talk happens everywhere, doesn’t it…?”

“Among commoners too? ——So people who say they didn’t study can’t get good grades, unless… they’re lying.”

Well, though it’s also possible that someone who really hasn’t studied gets good grades.

“And so I added myself to that conversation.”

“How?”

A: “The exam phase commences today, doesn’t it?”

B: “What should I do? I hardly studied at all.”

A: “My…”

Me: “Wait! She’s lying! You mustn’t be deceived!”

A: “EEEH—?!”

Me: “Confess at once! You did study a lot, didn’t you?!”

B: “…Yes, I did. (Squats down heartbroken)”

A: “Why would you…?”

Me: “And compared to her, I didn’t study at all for real! I’ll fail this one! Guaranteed!”

A: “Please be my friend!”

Me: “Of course! Till death do us part!”

A: “You’re much more wonderful than Reiko-sama!”

Me: “Is that so~”

“NOT HAPPENING————————!”

I tsukkomi’ed by leaps and bounds.

“Why’s the plot always taking these sudden turns?! Is that how your literary style works?! Also, your ’till death do us part’ is way too much!”

“How’s this one strange now?!”

“In a lot of ways! But for now, do you really wanna become friends with others by that reasoning?!”

I handed her the drill back.

“Ha? What are you saying? Of course I wanna.”

Aika reread it——

“WHAT’S WITH THIS PERSON?! I DON’T WANT THAT!”

…She’s hopeless.

I need to hurry up and do something.

Notes

1. There seems to be a game called like this. Else, this line wouldn’t make sense at all.

Chapter 18 - She's Gotten Lonely

"Sounds good to me."

I said after hearing Aika's idea.

"I know, right?!"

While grasping my mobile, Aika was hyped to the heavens.

When I had let her tamper with my phone for club activities, she suddenly proclaimed 'THIS IS IT!' and started babbling down on me like some oral waterfall.

"I call it the 'Party to Make Me Become Popular in Class' Plan!"

She said, thrusting her both hands up to the sky.

"With this I'll conquer the world! I'll make that riajuu sad and bitter! Ufufu!"

I had taught her about the word 'riajuu' recently, she had taken it as it pleased her own conveniences and used it to badmouth Arisugawa-san.

"REVOLUTION!"

At least she had acknowledged herself to be below her.

"But it won't work like this."

I didn't really wanna put a damper on her, but…

"You'll need to get everyone to have a phone for that, right? We're lacking the requirements."

"…! Then do something about that triviality?!"

"Even if you tell me that…"

Getting that kind of quantity when there were neither manufacturers nor shops around…

Actually, the hope to produce and supply this place with enough devices…

It *did* exist after all.

“Possible.”

Haqua immediately replied.

It wasn’t just ‘possible’, she had taken part in mobile phone development and various samples from that development had been sent to her lab.

“So she says. Ain’t you glad?”

“That’s fine and all, but…”

Aika said with a somewhat grim expression on her face while watching Haqua and me.

“What’s with that pose?!”

Haqua was sitting on my lap leaning onto me while I was sitting there cross-legged. It was a pose grandpa and granddaughter or couples would be in.

“She’s not budging, so I can’t help it.”

“Don’t give me that! She’s a middle schooler, you know?! You can’t do that!”

That was certainly right, but she did look like this, it completely felt like hugging a child. Hence, I wasn’t worried in the slightest. But Aika was, obviously.

“C’mon, errr, Haqua-sama? Let’s sit down properly on a zabuton, okay?”

Aika tried to move her with a forced smile.

Haqua stared back at her wordlessly. They faced each other for a short while, then——

Haqua took my both arms and crossed them around her hips.

“GUNU?!”

“What are you so angry about?”

“I’M NOT ANGRY!”

The door suddenly opened.

“Coming in.”

It was Karen.

“Got some business with me?”

“As I said befo—”

The second she caught sight of Haqua—— she stopped in her tracks.

“…Kagurazaka. What’s with that little girl?”

She said, walking towards me. Then she got on her knees and slowly drew closer.

Haqua kept staring with her unfazed gaze.

“How stupid.”

She tightly hugged her.

“Stupid. Really completely stupid—”

Hugging Haqua even stronger, she started rubbing her cheeks on hers.

rubrub… *rubrub*, *rubrub*—!

While her brows wrinkled seemingly in hardship, she got deep red up to the nape,

“Stupid. This is really just… stupid…”

Thereupon, Haqua wordlessly forced Karen back and fled to my side.

She hid behind my back and tightly clung to me. Her temperature felt high, kind of hot.

Karen’s eyes teared up, and as she was panting, she glared at me with killing intent.

“……So? What did you come for?”

“I said it before. I’m yours.”

“EH—?!”

Aika voiced her wonder grandly.

“I’ll by your side be as much as I can from now on.”

“No, it’s fine. No need to—”

“And **like this, I can cut you down the the second I’m convinced that I can beat you.**”

“Ah, so that’s the point, huh? ——Wait, please don’t?!”

“F-For you to have forced that dirty thing onto my face—!”

“I DIDN’T FORCE ANYTHING NOWHERE!”

It couldn’t be helped, so I brought tea.

“Here, have some cookies.”

When I pulled the plate towards me and tried to hand Haqua a cookie, she started munching on it directly out of my hand.

“Oi…”

Couldn’t be helped, so when I brought the cup of black tea near after I had fed her like this, she drank it directly out of my hand all the same.

“……”

With an expression fit for a shoot-out, Karen held out a cookie to Haqua too.

And was utterly ignored.

“Why glare at *me* now?”

While Karen muttered something that you wouldn’t be allowed to broadcast, she nipped on the black tea that I’d prepared.

“……Such a stupid tea.”

I get that your expression isn’t saying that.

“I’m pretty confident in the way I brew it. You want seconds?”

She handed me the cup.

“Don’t get me wrong! I just happen to be thirsty!”

“Sure.”

“……E-EHEM—!”

Aika cleared her throat in a forced manner.

“Since when have you been here?”

“I’VE BEEN HERE SINCE THE BEGINNING, RIGHT?! Aren’t you pretty much only treating me so harshly?!”

“Tsunpure-san has quite the strong persecution complex, huh…”

“I’M NOT TSUNPURE-SAN!”

Tsunpure-san objected.

“……Club activities.”

“He?”

“We were in the middle of club activities.”

“Well…”

“So… those two should head back.”

I thought that she’d been discontent since earlier, but———— could she just be shy?

Is this a chance to break her out of her loneliness?

“Isn’t it fine to do club activities with them?”

I said while feeding Haqua a cookie.

“No!”

“…? What’s so much to hate about it?”

I handed Karen the plate while wiping Haqua’s mouth.

“What’s to hate?! To those two, you’re being all——”

BWU! BWUUU! Being energetic like that, she left the room.

With her footsteps fading away, I could faintly hear her voice shouting something.

And soon enough, she returned.

“IDIOT—!”

Saying that to me—— she had a cardboard box in her hands.

“What’s that?”

“A maid handed me that!”

“——Mobile phones. I told her to bring them.”

Haqua said. She had gotten in touch with her maid before I knew it.

“Yeah, they’re working, right?”

There were also smartphones among them, but in this case simple was best, so I decided to rule those out.

“Currently, they’re unable to connect calls or use the internet. Should I enable them?”

“No.”

I had being called upon as the commoner sample and had several

privileges and prohibitions coming with it. Among those was, ‘the students must not have access to the internet’. Well, some graduates had become useless MMO addicts, they were bound to be wary.

“Can you make it so that they can get in touch with only the phones ’round here?”

“Possible.”

When I said, ‘Please do then,’ Haqua nodded deeply.

“Aika, wanna pick one?”

“Eh—? Ah, okay.”

With an excited face, she peered into the box.

And then—— awkwardly looked to Haqua.

“T-Thank you very much…”

And quickly shifted her glance back to the box. She’s someone who’s honest by looking so dishonest.

“Hee? There are all kinds of phones, aren’t there? Kimito, what’s this?”

“That’s a slider. Hand it to me for a sec. You slide it like this.”

“Waah—!”

“Haqua, got any recommendations?”

“This type’s camera outdoes the others.”

“Which one? Which?”

When I casted a sidelong glance to Karen by chance, she was drinking tea seemingly unfazed.

“What about you?”

“Hmph. I’ve no interest in such toys.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Wai—, Kimito! Something popped up!”

“Hee, seems like a photo frame. It’s cute, isn’t it?”

“……” ← Karen

“Hey, hey, take one of me!”

“Yeah, yeah. Here it goes.”
snap—♫
“Waah! So cute! I’m that cute after all!”
“Want one taken too, Haqua?”
“If together with Kimito.”
“Yeah, fine with me. Let’s take one.”
“……” ← Karen
“Aika, would you?”
“Eh—— T-Then with me too!”
“We won’t fit with three people, you know?”
“If we do it like this, we will!”
“Wai— Don’t push me! You’re clinging too much!”
“P-Pervert!”
“Then let go already?!”
“What’s with you?! Then say this to Haqua too!”
“Well—— O-Oi, Haqua, you’re on my lap again…”
“It’s the adequate measure to deal with the situation at hand.”
“Aah— Let’s just take it, alright?!”
“……” ← Karen
“We’ll be totally cut off, you know?”
——*Ah, right. Karen can take the picture for us.*
“Wha—— UWAA—?!”
Before I knew it, Karen was already right in front of me.
With teary eyes, she said,
“I…… I want to be in it too……”

Ah, she’s gotten lonely.

Chapter 19 - Please Pay it No Heed

“Tea party…?”

“Yes.”

Shortly after home room had ended, Arisugawa-san had come to my seat and invited me.

“We will start it shortly hereafter, so if it sits well you, by all means, please come!”

“It’s right now?”

“Yes. It’s not that big a matter. It’s just a modest thing we’re holding in my room from time to time.”

And then Arisugawa-san suddenly quickened her pace.

“T-That is, even if I say in my room, it’s merely a usual thing and there’s no deeper meaning behind the invitation, yes?”

She put her index fingers on top of each other and rotated them like knitting needles.

“Yes, indeed. It would be a shame, but we could repeat it…”

“…?”

“Yes, yes, we can always repeat it!”

Toujou-san joined in on the whole fun from the right.

“But today’s invitation was deliberate—— mugu—”

Arisugawa-san covered Toujou-san’s mouth.

“P-Please pay it no heed, yes?”

“Ah… yeah.”

“Might there be something to obstruct you? Do you happen to already have plans?”

Arisugawa-san enquired with somewhat upturned eyes.

“Well, not really, but…”

“…! T-Then, by all means…!”

Well, true, I’m a bit curious too.

“Well then, I’m taking you up on…”

Arisugawa-san’s expression immediately started to sparkle.

Suddenly, something strongly pulled on my sleeve.

“W-Wait a sec! What are you doing?!”

It was Aika.

She went as far as to proclaim that and stiffened right after.

Everyone in the classroom was ogling Aika.

Aika-sama is far from her usual self—— That kind of surprised atmosphere was clearly hanging in the air.

Taken aback, Aika regained her senses and casted her eyes down.

“Aika-sama…?”

Arisugawa-san asked evidently surprised too.

“……”

Aika had turned her regular weirdo-mode on.

“Is there something you wanted to tell Kimito-sama?”

Trying to relax her, she inquired with a gentle expression.

“……Ehm…… t-today…”

There are times when I wondered why she ended up like this, but stuff had probably happened. Seemed like once her attitude snapped in, there was no breaking out, huh?

Suddenly, she pulled me up on my feet.

“W-What now?!”

Like that she dragged me into the corridor.

Everyone kept glaring from inside the classroom.

Aika whispered into my ear.

(W-We’ve got club activities, right?!)

“…Ha?”

“Don’t ‘ha’ me! The preparations for my ‘Commoner Party’! There’s no time for tea parties and smirking like an idiot!”

“Who’s smirking like an idiot?”

(You were, right?!)

“I wasn’t! And on top of that, it’s not that urge——”

(W-What’s with you?! You wanna go to Arisugawa Reiko’s room that much?!)

“Wai—, you’re clinging too close!”

(It *is* urgent! We have to return at once and figure out the plan!)

“……”

Yeah, she probably would wanna break out of the status-quo as soon as possible, if even just a day sooner.

…Jeez, there’s no helping it, I guess.

“Alright already.”

I said and left Aika behind; I then returned to the classroom.

Arisugawa-san was looking my way, seemingly perplexed.

“Sorry, Arisugawa-san. I have plans with her already.”

I pointed to Aika, who was facing the other way in the corridor.

“……She……”

“Sorry, I hope you’ll invite me again regardless, okay?”

It took her a little while…

“Please, do not worry about it.”

Arisugawa-san expressed her usual unclouded smile.

“I’ll pray that you can tend to your business with Aika-sama in good health.”

…As expected of Arisugawa-san. Even her reaction to being refused is all too perfect, I was a bit moved.

When I turned my face to the sound of the footsteps I was hearing, I saw Aika leaving promptly.

“Wait up!”

While I thought ‘yare, yare,’ I chased after her.

Just before I left the classroom, on the edge of my vision, I could see Arisugawa-san, gazing at me.

“Aika, do you… like me?”

Aika's cheeks were dyed in a deep red and she seized her mouth in surprise. Then——

"Mugu—! MOGAAAAAAAAA——!"

"Answer me!"

Club activity after school.

Intended for the plan to become a popular person, we were in the middle of 'Simple Lie Training' to stop her all too easy thought leakage.

"UMOMO——!"

Still covering her mouth, she was fainting in agony with a face that you can't show to someone else's parents. *You'd really love to say it, huh? Some kind of vilification.*

"I'll ask one more time! What do you think of me?!"

"I want to kill you." ← Karen

"I didn't ask you, alright?!"

Karen faced the other way with a 'hmph' and returned to her work.

She was set on decorating a mobile.

"Jeez, what's with this? Commoners are really doing stupid things."

So she said, but she was totally up for making a bunny pattern with glitter. Besides her, there was a heap of already finished decorated phones, each having a different design.

"Fuu… my eyes are really tired."

"Well, no need to push yourself. To begin with, when you saw this stuff, you just took it by yourse——"

"IDIOT!"

"Why are you getting mad at me?"

And even Haqua was sleeping on her usual place on my lap after she had eaten some snacks.

This six tatami mat room was filled with four people and everyone was doing their own thing. I was getting used to it.

"——BUHA—!"

Aika was starting to lack oxygen at the end of this long battle.

I see. ***Holding back your vilification is that hard, huh?***

“Then let’s lower the difficulty a bit. ——Do you like raisins?”

I knew she hated them.

“Ubu—— MUMUMU—!”

Aika blocked her mouth and struggled for a while——

“I li…… I don’t dislike them… maybe—”

Ooh, she did it.

“Then once more. Do you like me?”

“HOMU—— HIGIII

progressing.

“Then how about some cheaper sweets? Sweet bars for instance?”

“Sweet bars?”

“It’s something you’d find in convenience stores. From time to time, girls buy this kinda sweets and chatter in the classroom after school.”

“Ah! That’s good! Let’s do that!”

Aika’s eyes were shining.

“‘Commoner After School Experience’! I’ve decided, that’ll be the party’s name!”

“Sounds good to me.”

“Doesn’t it?! Yeah, yeah, it’ll be fun!”

‘Is there anything fun we can do after that…’ Aika grinned with the notebook in one hand.

…She’s really giving it her all.

And she didn’t seem to realize it herself, but rather than ‘how can I become popular’, she was rather splitting her head about ‘how can I give everyone a fun time’.

From the beginning, she’s someone who’s frequently thinking about others.

And as the downside of that, she’s arbitrarly being a loner right now.

“Maybe I can give everyone a fun time. That’d be nice…”

I’m sure Arisugawa-san and her classmates don’t know that she can make such a nice face.

It’s such a pity.

Chapter 20 - Leave This to the Commoner

Arisugawa Reiko hadn't gotten mad once in her life.

Nor had she ever hated anyone.

This was a fact.

Not just limited to Seikain, girl schools where high class girls attended were basically flower gardens in which disputes didn't take place. Going by how commoners think, it was a world they couldn't imagine.

In addition, Reiko was blessed with looks, ability, and character. On top of that, due to the work of the most excellent, distinguished bloodline that dated back to even Kamakura, she naturally repelled anything negative.

"Reiko-sama."

The young lady said with a teacup in her hand and a deplorable expression.

"Kimito-sama wouldn't participate today either, would he?"

The after school tea party had commenced in Reiko's room.

Four ojou-samas had gathered at the round glass table that was standing inside an about ten tatami big room.

Sitting on cushions, their legs relaxed, it had the appearance of a tea party even commoners would have.

However, the room itself, the high class feeling the tea set and confections had, the beautiful posture of the girls even though relaxed, their deeply engraved manners, and the maid waiting on stand-by, it clearly showed what made Seikain into Seikain.

"He has things to tend to. There is nothing we can do."

Reiko smiled gently.

If this was the usual thing, the others would say 'That's true, isn't it? Let's try inviting him again', too, and end it being all cheerful about it,

however——

“He’s together with Aika-sama again today, right?”

“That is indeed the case, Maya-sama—”

The young lady who had an atmosphere around her as energetic as that of an idol, Toujou Kae, added.

“Yeah. What on Earth might be his business with her?”

While the girl named Maya stated that in wonder, a hint of complaint oozed out of her.

“On top of that, it appears Aika-sama opens her heart only to Kimito-sama, why is that…”

“This is true, but…”

As Toujou Kae tried to say something, both of them—— realized Reiko’s state.

She was chuckling.

“”Reiko-sama…?””

“I understand it.”

“…What… might you understand?”

Reiko surveyed everyone with a calm expression.

“Surely, Aika-sama is consulting with Kimito-sama.”

“Consulting…?”

“Yes. The status-quo between her and us surely aches her heart. For that reason, she is consulting with him. Kimito-sama barely arrived here and is a wonderful person. He’s the perfect person to fit the role.”

It was the Reiko everyone expected. The very foundation of her character was blessed with motto, ‘look at the world with a positive mindset’. And hence the unshakeable optimistic interpretation.

And this optimistic aura also cleansed the hearts of her surroundings.

“Now I understand…”

Maya made a face as if the scales had fallen off her eyes.

“He’ll surely surprise us before long. Let us wait and look forward to

it.”

Reiko was more or less right about the surprising part. But there was no way for her to know that it was Aika’s unsightly envy to ‘bring Arisugawa Reiko down!’.

Normally, they’d now say ‘As expected of Reiko-sama…!’.

But…

“B-But I’m getting the feeling that they’re just too intimate by spending every day in Kimito-sama’s room!”

Those words of Toujou Kae were impacting the room who had been about to settle heavily.

“EEEH—?!”

Almost everyone voiced their wonder loudly, and they immediately covered their mouths.

“I-Is that true…?”

“Yes, I’ve heard from someone from the same dorm!”

Kae said with a serious expression while telling the secret.

“She wanted to visit Kimito-sama’s room and while she was in front of his door hesitating, she heard the voices of people who were really enjoying themselves. And recently, it went on until late…!”

“My—?!”

…Still with her fingers on her teacup, Reiko grew silent.

Obviously, her expression was changing.

“Speaking of which, this exchange in the classroom the other day – they seem to get along just splendid…”

“Isn’t that right?!”

“…Ehm, everyone, how about another round of tea?”

Mizuho, the spectacled girl who possessed the rare ability among ojou-samas to perceive a ‘dangerous atmosphere’, tried to stop Kae and company’s talk.

“Right, right! She was whispering into his ear and taking his hand!”

“Kimito-sama even chased after her! If I had to guess… I’d say it’s an extraordinary relationship!”

However, it was futile.

If these were commoner girls school students, everyone would immediately sense the atmosphere and shift the direction of the topic in perfect cooperation.

But—— these young ladies couldn't read the atmosphere.

Because… they lacked the experience.

These girls hadn't the chance to forge the ability to read this kind of atmosphere, these situations were hardly ever happening, and nor had they been in contact with men before.

"Perhaps they became close between all these consultations! Maya-sama, would you comply with my thinking…?!"

"Yes, yes!"

And Mizuho, who was trying her best considering she was an ojou-sama, had nothing she could do anymore and alternated her gaze between the excited others and Reiko.

"Are those two already—— lovers—?!"

"There is no doubt!"

Arisugawa Reiko hadn't gotten mad once in her life.

No matter what it was, she was able to look at it positively.

But.

But…

"Are they on their own in his room again today?!"

"Perhaps, right now, they're kis—"

"PLEASE CUT IT OUT ALREADY!"

…The room fell dead silent.

Everyone but the culprit had the same estranged, frozen expression.

They looked as if—— they were seeing the world end.

"…Rei……sama…?"

Kae choked on her words, her eyes teared up.

However, the one who was shocked to most, was none other than Reiko herself.

Dumbfounded. And—— startled.

She jumped to her feet and her knees hit the table.

The cups fell and the black tea was spilling onto the glass.

“Hiii…”

Kae let a tiny shriek slip.

Reiko was startled and shivering. She shut her eyes closely and ran for it———— out of the room.

After school, I was heading for Arisugawa-san’s dorm.

Arisugawa-san had been absent today.

There had been a tea party incident, or so I’d heard.

The rough content was, ‘Reiko-sama has gotten furious at yesterday’s tea party’.

Hearing that *the* Arisugawa-san had gotten angry had taken me by surprise too, but such wasn’t the reaction of the classroom.

Toujou-san, who Arisugawa-san presumably had gotten angry with, had been crying the whole time. The surrounding ojou-samas tried to console her and were completely pale themselves; they obviously didn’t know what to do. They were simply flustered.

The rumor had even spread to the other school grades, it had caused a turmoil as if a meteorite had struck the Earth.

I had decided that I shouldn’t attend the matter thoughtlessly with the ojou-samas being like that and had eyed the situation for the time being…

And here I was, standing in front of Arisugawa-san’s room.

“……”

Even though I had changed my prior decision, I had a reason. Two even.

First, I thought my position could turn out to be extremely effective in this case.

I was a transfer student, a man, and a commoner.

An outsider so to say, in a good way. Someone uninvolved. Perfectly suited for mediation.

Well, there was no way I could leave the matter alone either, so there was no other choice.

I knocked on the door.

…No reply.

“Arisugawa-san?”

After I had raised my voice—— I felt it. My, so to say, sixth sense told me that someone had moved inside the room.

“Arisugawa-san? It’s Kagurazaka…”

A short while later——

“……I’m here.”

With the door between us, I could faintly hear her from far inside.

“Ehm… would you mind to open up?”

“……I’m sorry.”

This means she definitely won’t, huh?

I decided to give up on that right away and went with talking across the door.

“What happened?”

“…I can’t talk about it.”

It was the same thing the others had said in the classroom.

When the uninvolved ojou-samas had tried to get to the bottom of it, they were continuously refused with a ‘I can’t talk about it’ and been apologized to.

However, going by my gut feeling and the looks they’d casted to me at the time, I’d started to surmise something.

That was reason number two why I came here.

“It’s related to me, isn’t it?”

“THAT’S NOT TRUE—!”

GACHA—!

“Ehh—?!”

Arisugawa-san flung the door open, when I had already accepted that she by no means would—— And she was standing there wearing a one piece pyjama that made her look like a princess.

That was probably what she looked like when she stood up. She had a bit of bed hair here and there and the area beneath her eyes was somewhat swollen, probably from crying. I had only seen her in flawless appearance all the time, so this lenient way of dressing felt very refreshing in contrast.

=

“——!”

Arisugawa-san appeared to realize her own state and blushed up in an instant, making a face as if she was about to leak a shriek.

“S-Sorry—!”

I got flustered too and turned around. There had been a similar situation like this, hadn’t there?

And then, I listened to Arisugawa-san’s story.

While I promised to not further pry into the details and Arisugawa-san stressed that it wasn’t related to me… she told vaguely told me about it. Her breathing got rough as she got to the second part.

My impression from what I’ve heard was—— Well, in short…

It had been a quarrel of sorts. She had gotten irritated, loud, and in the blink of an eye, the atmosphere had gone bad—— something like that.

To *us*, it was an everyday thing.

In situations like that, one of the parties involved would decide to make up and apologize by mail around evening or so (assuming that’s enough).

Something like this.

And yet…

“……I……What should I do……”

When I turned my face, Arisugawa-san looked as if the world was ending.

She was the same as everyone else had been in class. Pale and at a loss.

Quite a few days had passed since I’d come here.

So I could vaguely guess the reasons.

These young ladies didn’t fight.

For us commoners, it was a natural skill that we had acquired by having countless smaller and bigger disputes.

Knowing when to budge from one’s standpoint. Knowing emergency measures. Friends that you could rely on in these cases.

Those things weren’t a given here.

And so it had gotten Arisugawa-san, who appeared perfect in just about every regard, crying like this.

That’s why…

This—— was where the commoner had to step up.

“It’ll be fine.”

Arisugawa-san looked up to me with her teary eyes.

‘This ain’t a big deal,’ I tried to convey with a smile. I stroke her head.

“Leave this to the commoner.”

Chapter 21 - STUUUPID!

I returned to my room and reflected.

“…Why did I have to show off like that…”

I wanted to curse the nature of men which makes you want to show off in front of cute girls. Nature like destiny. Not like gender.

“Oh well, too late now…”

While I lied down on my bed, I kept thinking.

This is all about creating a chance, huh?

At times when the hooks had went into everyone that deep, you needed some kind of setting.

But what kind would…

And then Aika came in through the door.

“Club activities are on hiatus today.”

“Eh? Why?”

“It’s been a week since you’ve created the club. It’s an anniversary holiday.”

“Oh, I see… Then see you tomorrow.”

When she was about to close the door…

“——Wait, it hasn’t even been a week! You almost tricked me!”

“You’re really amazing.”

“A COMMONER IS MAKING FUN OF ME?!”

“But, well, today’s really——”

“…How’s Arisugawa Reiko?”

“Eh?”

“You went to see her, right?”

“Why do *you* know?”

“……I saw you going there.”

“How so? Our places are pretty far apart.”

“It’s been weighing on my mind, so I tailed you.”

After saying that, she got flustered and covered her mouth.

“It’s too late to do *that* now, you know?”

“I-It’s fine anyway, isn’t it?! …So, how is she?”

“Pretty down.”

“…Hm…”

“The class is how it is too, pretty difficult, isn’t it? If I leave it alone too much, it might get stuck like this.”

“……”

“Aren’t you glad?”

“OF COURSE I’M NOT!”

“Ah… yeah, of course not. Sorry.”

“Anyhow, you’ve been thinking about what to do?”

“How do you know?”

“‘Cause that’s how you are. Wandering around restlessly, like the male version of a maid.”

“Wouldn’t you call that a butler?”

“I-I wouldn’t! You’re merely some busybody commoner!”

Oddly enough, she had said something that reminded me of my middle school nickname.

Why, I wonder? I was pretty sure I totally wasn’t like that.

“Then don’t just stand around and sit down here. Ah, do we need some tea?”

Aika sat down on a cushion.

“…So? Did you come up with something?”

“Nope, nothing yet. Only that I’ve gotta create some kinda chance.”

“Chance?”

“In these situations, it’s important that others set some kinda stage, you know? To give it some new vibes. Well, the most simple thing would be for someone to step in and talk it out with them, but…”

“……”

“This time, the whole class is involved, and everyone has this complicated feeling they’re not used to. Thinking about Arisugawa-san’s situation… some kinda ‘event’ could be needed, I guess…”

Aika listened and opened her eyes with an ‘Oooh!’ feeling.

“That’s probably the first time that I feel like rethinking my impression of you.”

“Heh. When it comes to this, commoners know their stuff.”

“And commoners get cocky right away.”

“Anyway, that’s how it is. The problem now is what to do for that event… we probably need something with a certain impact. It has to shift their mindset and it’s gotta be something that Arisugawa-san can summon up the courage for to see it through… maybe something ‘commoner’ related? Something that they still don’t know of, that we can handle, and that can get them to reconcile…”

“Don’t we have that already?”

“Eh?”

“This might be just the right thing.”

At the end of Aika’s gaze was—— the box with the utensils for the ‘Commoner Party’.

——Now I get it. That’d really be ideal.

But…

“What now? Got any complaints?”

“Not really, but… you see…”

Isn’t that the thing you’ve given your everything to prepare recently?

“Maybe we should think of something e——”

“It’s fine already!”

Aika said and folded her arms self-importantly.

“I can’t come up with anything else!”

Figures.

“Whatever you say, I’m the one who came up with it!”

The trump card you’ve thought up to give yourself a way to escape your loner life, to become popular in class, and the one thing you

have the courage for to see through, huh…?

"…You sure it's fine?"

"I just said so, didn't I?!"

I see.

If you're putting it that clearly, then you've gotta be dead sure.

"I get it. Then let's go with this."

Aika with her arms still folded faced away.

Thereupon the evening sun was illuminating her through the half opened curtains.

"You're a good person."

Aika squinted her eyes while facing the dazzling evening sun.

The dust sparkled in the sun rays between the curtains. The air was clean and the place elevated, so the rays were really clear.

While her uniform was basking in this pure golden coloration, Aika's face was red like an apple.

"…Truth is… IT'S NOT FINE!"

She screamed, closing her eyes shut.

"I don't want to hand it over! Got any complaints?! I've came up with this after all! I'm the one who wants to become in class! I wanna be able to spend a fun school life with everyone! It's mine!"

But…

"I don't like this tension in the air, and I can't even leave Arisugawa Reiko alone… so there's nothing I can do, right?! I hate handing it over, but I hate having this depressing atmosphere continue even more…! Don't you think so too?! Don't you?!"

She pressed me for an answer, she stared directly at me.

"…You really are a good person."

I thought so from the depths of my heart. Pure-hearted and tsun, Tsunpure-san.

Aika's expression changed into some kind of bewildered surprise,

she let her eyes wander aimlessly.
I thought that this bashful gesture was really kinda—— cute.
“Shall we prepare something?”
WHONK—! Out of the blue, she had dealt me a headbutt.
“OUCH—?!”
While Aika held her head, seemingly in pain too, she stood up.
Then she opened the door, and turned around…
“STUUUPID!”
She declared loudly and left.
“……”
NOT CUTE AFTER ALL!

Chapter 22 - Commoners Even Have These Wonderful Things, Don't They?

Arisugawa-san was looking into the mirror, bearing a surprised expression.

"This is… me?"

It was a complete make-over.

Kujou-san had displayed a perfect job following the reference material, she respectfully bowed and stepped back.

Sitting on a chair, Arisugawa-san was unsure whether she should touch her face or not—— then she looked up to me with her eyes asking 'How is it?'.

…I wonder if this is a case where I should say 'it fits you'? While I was being perplexed…

"It makes you be at a loss for words, right?"

When I looked into the direction of the voice, Kujou-san quickly turned her head away.

"Ehm… yeah, right on the mark."

Towards these words, Arisugawa-san displayed a relieved smile. *I did it!*

"I seem like a different person…"

From her voice and the expression in her eyes I could tell that she was straight headed for getting hyped.

When I was crossdressing for the school festival during the third year in middle school, I remember that I was feeling really out of it too and did as I pleased in various ways… Well, it's normal, you know? You're getting psyched when you cross dress, right?

"I'm getting really excited."

She seemed to be about ready.

When I entered the classroom, everyone was already neatly seated.

I had asked the young ladies to assemble after school, they looked bewildered, of course; they still didn't know the reason after all.

I stood at the teacher's desk and announced:

"From here on, we will commence the 'Commoner After School Experience'."

And speaking of which, the planner herself wasn't around.

"It'll be about what commoner girls frequently do after school's over. I thought it'd be good to give you a first taste of it."

In an instant, everyone looked about ready to make merry and not feel depressed anymore.

And with perfect timing…

Arisugawa-san opened the sliding door.

Everyone turned their heads, their eyes—— turned into dots.

↑[1]! Youth! Sparkle, sparkle!

A brown wig, eyelashes pushed to the heavens, eye liner, gloss lipstick, and a uniform cardigan.

Arisugawa-san was clad in Gyaru equipment from top to toe and entered determinedly.

Switching places with me, she stood on the teacher's desk and being the center of attention now, she took a slow and deep breath ——

"CHEEESE! HYPEPOYO—— ↑↑"

SNAP—☆ she did a reversed peace sign.

CHATTERCHATTER—…! Shivers were running through the ojou-samas.

"Could it be… Reiko-sama?"

"The voice appears to be similar here and there…?"

"What's 'poyo'?"

"Wai— What's everyone sayiiing? That's really super too terrific, you knooow? So crazy!"

As you'd expect of Arisugawa-san, she can already handle it like that…

Anyway, it was a disguise for her to be able to summon the courage to step in front of everyone. A success so far.

"……So it's someone else after all?"

"Seems so."

"What's 'poyo'?"

I cleared my throat and interrupted.

"Ehm, that's Arisugawa-san. We've changed her appearance to fit that of a commoner girl. These kinds of girls are called 'Gyaru'. By the way, 'poyo' doesn't mean anything in particular."

""""""Gyaru…""""""

Now the their eyes revealed keen interest instead.

"This hair… it looks like a foreigner's… and how do you style this?"

"Her eyelashes are so long! Her lipstick is so glossy and voluptuous!"

"And this is a new uniform even!"

An almost unexpectedly good reaction.

I don't get it too well, but as a girl, these things probably make your antennas stand. And they didn't have any prejudices either.

And then Arisugawa-san produced a cell phone from her pocket.

"My, it's a mobile telephone!"

Arisugawa-san held the phone in both of her hands and pressed the bottoms somewhat clumsily.

"Reiko-sama, what might you be doing?"

Brr—… Brr—

""""""GYAAA—?!""""""

Suddenly, the ojou-samas were taken aback by a sound coming out of their tables.

"Everyone, please look into your desks."

Arisugawa-san calmed them down with her usual tone.

Everyone timidly peered into them… and found the cell phones that had been put there in advance.

“My… My, my!”

They took them into their hands and froliced.

“Are these for us?!”

“What is this sparkling pattern?! Might they be rhinestones?”

“A bunny! How cute!”

While everyone was looking at Karen’s deko[2], they soon realized something.

“…? It’s flashing.”

“Mine too… what is it?”

“That is a notification that a new ‘mail’ has arrived.”

Arisugawa-san said.

“Mail? …A letter?”

“Please try and unfold the mobile telephone.”

The ojou-samas opened the phones with a snap.

“Something’s written here… ‘New Mail’…?”

“Please push the big button, that is surrounded by a silver ringer, twice.”

While everyone made a curious face, they pushed it.

And—— suddenly, their eyes widened.

The following should’ve been written in it:

FROM: Arisugawa Reiko / CONTENT: I am sorry.

“Everyone, I’ve been causing you a lot of trouble.”

Arisugawa-san bowed her head deeply.

The deep-colored wooden classroom was surrounded by silence as if everyone had to catch their breath.

“That’s not it! Not at all!”

“Please raise your head…!”

Everyone stirred commotion, flustered, and eagerly soothed her.

Arisugawa-san slowly raised her head.

“Thank you very much.” She said.

She parted from the teacher’s desk and—— tended to some of the girls.

First, Toujou-san.

“Kae-sama. I’ve said something horrible the other day, and I am terribly sorry.”

“Reiko-sama—!”

Arisugawa-san was about to lower her head again, but Toujou-san stood up and stopped her.

While her eyes seemed to be about to shed some tears,

“What are you saying?! I’m the one who… Everything’s been caused by my own shortcomings!”

“Kae-sama did nothing wrong. It was my shortcoming.”

“No! No…!”

Mutually quieting down, time passed as if they were letting something permeate.

And then Arisugawa-san said:

“…Well then, as proof that we reconciliated, shall we take a pic together?”

“Excuse me…?”

She moved besides the puzzled Toujou-san and prepared the phone.

Toujou-san blushed when Arisugawa-san stuck to her shoulders so that they’d fit into the frame together.

“R-Reiko-sama…?”

“Please look to the mobile telephone.”

…Kasha—♪

“Kyaa—”

Not knowing what happened, Toujou-san shivered. Arisugawa-san directed the display towards her.

“Look, it’s a picture. The mobile telephone can also take these.”

“…My!”

When Toujou-san raised her voice—— the surrounding ojou-samas came rushing by, surrounded them, and took a peek by themselves.

“It really is!”

“Even though it’s a telephone, why would it be able to do this?!”

“And…”

Arisugawa-san operated the phone.

Before long, Toujou-san’s phone vibrated.

Toujou-san was a bit surprised, but showed quick acclimatation nonetheless and opened the phone.

“…! This is…”

“I can even send you the pictures that we’re taking.”

“…Amazing…”

Toujou-san was gazing at photo of Arisugawa-san and her with their shoulders close to each other.

“Like this, commoners take photos with their friends and send them to each other.”

To this word ‘friends’…

Toujou-san slowly… raised her head.

Arisugawa-san’s soft and a bit uneasy smile was right in front of her.

“We are friends, right?”

In just a second, Toujou-san’s levee broke.

“Yes! Yes…!”

Tears ran down her face and she nodded many times over.

“I’m relieved…”

Arisugawa-san’s eyes teared up too.

Toujou-san checked her phone seemingly glad.

“I… will make sure to treasure this dearly.”

When Arisugawa-san gently embraced her, Toujou-san clung to her in return too, as if she couldn’t hold back anymore.

Everyone around them cried in sympathy and snuffled with handkerchiefs in their hands.

I also felt like my heart had been cleansed and expressed a truly relieved smile.

Then Arisugawa-san turned to everyone in class and said:

“Please, everyone, let’s take pictures together!”

It had been the great climax.

“I’m sending it right away!”

“Next with me!”

Alternately pairing up, the ojou-samas took pics together here and there. Their excitement went almost through the roof.

“Commoners even have these wonderful things, don’t they?”

To us, it’s very rare to enjoy casual things like lazing around and the like that genuinely.

But I think that that’s the only big difference, that aside we’re pretty much the same kind of people.

Girl’s really like these things universally. Even I, when I had my first phone bought, was really excited and did nothing but taking pics with my friends.

…For a second, I missed my old school.

But that aside, it had been a big success.

Arisugawa-san had become the center of the class, as before, and had her pic being taken many times over.

——*Your plan was a huge success.*

It just added a bit that, legally speaking, she should’ve been in there.

Then Arisugawa-san became aware of my gaze and in a flash, her face shined.

“What about you, Kimito-sama?”

“Eh?”

“Let’s take one together, too!”

Everyone raised their voices.

“By all means, come here!” “I want to take one with Kimito-sama!”

“First of all, he should take one with Reiko-sama—!”

Toujou-san said.

“…I-If it pleases you…?”

Arisugawa-san asked bashfully.

“Ah, yeah.”

When I said this, she expressed the loveliest smile I had ever seen.

Around that time.

Aika was in her room.

Alone. Evening had passed, her room had turned dark, and she was lying in her bed, face-down. She was reading the manga she had brought from Kimito’s room.

It was poor manners to read manga while in bed, but she was imitating commoners. After all, she was reading commoner manga as commoners would.

Earlier, she had eaten a sweet bar. The flavor was a bit strong, but not bad. Although it had been her first, it had felt like a taste she had yearned for.

These were club activities. Today she was doing them on her own.

It was comfortable, felt good, the manga was interesting, there wasn’t any problem whatsoever.

Suddenly… she realized the room had gotten dark, and Aika got out of bed, turning the light on.

The light of the incandescent lamp gently illuminated the gorgeous dorm room.

It was so silent, that she seemed to be able to hear the sound of the bulbs. While she looked up at the light absent-mindedly…

“…I wonder if it went well…?”

She muttered with her hair all wrinkled-up.

It was the result of a failed attempt on a flashy Gyaru hair style.

“Well, I don’t need it.”

She nodded with her hair still like that.

Her plan was perfect. As the creator, she had confidence in that.

Around now, everyone should be really excited and indulge in taking pics.

And in the center of it all, there would probably be Arisugawa Reiko.

Having her comeback as *the* popular person in class, surrounded by everyone's smiles, the same blessed girl as ever.

Thinking that, Aika…

The pure Aika who couldn't lie——

"…I'm glad."

Smiled with a very content feeling.

She was feeling good and happy about it.

"Come forth, King of Origin—— MENAS—!"

Imitating the manga, she stroke an [Avatar Summoning] pose.

But she got embarrassed and crawled into the bed.

Notes

1. According to a native, this describes 1) being in high spirits and 2) some flashy hairstyles. Google "Gyaru" yourself, if you want to know more. In America you call that kind of people "annoying women". In general everything in the next few paragraphs is related to that sort of pop culture and various things follow that are hard (or impossible) to translate, deal with my improvisation.

2. Furigana says "painstaking work".

Chapter 23 - I Hate You

“I’ll turn on the light, alright?”

And hence Reiko had come to know yet another thing about commoners; they didn’t call those things lamps or anything, but simply ‘light[1]‘.

Kimito and Reiko were now alone in the classroom.

Slowly, the young ladies had come to the decision to call it a day, and they had been invited to swap places and drink tea with everyone.

And so, when the others tried to voice their gratitude towards Kimito, Kae and the other participants of the last tea party left the room with them, saying ‘We’ll go ahead’.

Well—— they rather *took* the others with them.

Right as they were leaving the room, they turned their heads and gave some flickering gazes that seemed to be saying something and caused Reiko’s body to heat up. The embarrassment from having her secret known made her feel like her heart was going to stop.

The dim classroom instantly lit up.

“I am terribly sorry.”

Apologizing for his carelessness, Kimito seemed a bit embarrassed, and then came back over to Reiko.

He was someone very careful about minding others.

Just as how things came about right now, he indirectly took her and her surroundings into consideration to make sure that there wouldn’t be anything lacking.

It was different from the maids’ behavior, his personality was one of spontaneity.

A splendid person indeed.

Whenever she happened to meet him, it caused her chest to tighten up.

Lately, it had been like that all the time.

Just by being in the same room with him, by being able to see him, something inside of her snapped, and she felt a sensation like that of a summer breeze blowing by.

Just what would one call this? …Even the sheltered Reiko knew what it was.

“Kimito-sama. Thank you very much.”

Reiko bowed with all her heart.

“I cannot put into words just how grateful I am for everything you did today.”

“Well… That’s good, isn’t it? You were able to make up with everyone.”

Upon raising her head Kimito looked a bit embarrassed and was scratching his head.

To have each of them performing different gestures was a sweet sight.

“This happiness I’m feeling, I’ve never felt like this before.”

It was the truth. If you ask why——

“It’s not just because I was able to make amends with everyone… To have Kimito-sama working hard for my sake and thinking up this magnificent event, it makes me very… happy.”

That’s how it was.

Reiko felt a tremendous amount of joy for thinking of her and everything he had done up until now. And on top of that… it answered a hope she had.

Namely, that Kimito-sama didn’t think of her as someone detestable.

Upon thinking that, her chest sprung up and mood was lightening up… It seemed like she’d be able to move on.

And outside…

The sun had completely set. It was around dusk with the faint remnants of the sun tracing a red light along the ridges of the mountains overlooking the school.

The glow reached out to the classroom with only the two of them in there.

It felt like a cliché situation right after a school festival.

A sensation that felt as if all the fortune in the world was on her side.

“……You know…”

At his voice, she was suddenly pulled back to reality.

And then, little by little Reiko noticed.

It felt like she could see that he made up his mind about something in his concealed eyes.

Something really bad.

And she had a presentiment.

I thought that this was something that I had to say.

I felt like this was something that Arisugawa-san would want to know.

“You know, all those plans for today, they weren’t mine—Aika came up with everything.”

I said it.

I told her everything.

About why Aika was always like that.

About how she was frightened to talk to others.

And about the commoner club.

The ‘Commoner After School Experience’ was originally her idea to finally be able to get along with everyone. All we did was in preparation for that.

And then… she had given it all away for Arisugawa-san’s sake.

Without a breather, I conveyed all of her earnestness.

“She is an incredibly good-hearted person, you know?”

And…

“And that’s why I thought that I wanted to do something for her.”

For that I thought it’d be best to get Arisugawa-san’s help.

Since she was idolized by everyone, good-natured, and always worrying about Aika.

“So, you know, I’d, of course, love if Arisugawa-san could lend me her hand and——”

It was at that time that I noticed.

Arisugawa-san’s face had turned dead-pale and she was incredibly tensed up.

“…What’s wrong?”

Seeming to not even realize that I had said something, her eyes looked someplace distant.

Her shoulders were shaking, she appeared bewildered, and she was on the verge of tears. Her face went through various expressions and eventually… turned red.

She turned her back on me and dashed off.

And left the classroom.

“——Ah…!”

My reaction was delayed.

For some reason, the expression Arisugawa-san had right before turning her back on me was… one I had never seen from her before.

Arisugawa-san’s feet moved quickly. On top of that, her pace didn’t let up. It looked like she was doing sports.

I was out of shape, but although I got exhausted quickly, I still managed to not lose sight of her somehow and was hot on her trail —she was headed for… my dorm. More precisely, the upper floors.

Aika’s room.

SLAM!

Arisugawa-san slammed the door open with a violent sound and went inside.

Hearing Aika’s leaked ‘Eh?!’, I finally managed to catch up.

Aika was lying on top of her bed, her mouth gaping – right in front of her was Arisugawa-san, assuming an imposing stance.

I was standing behind her, so I could only see her back, but even so I could feel the rage oozing out of her and I was certain that she had the same expression on her face as moments ago.

Bright red and her well-shaped lips shaking.

To put it broadly, a face full of contempt.

Frustrated and embarrassed.

There was a scene in the manga that was scattered across Aika's bed with the exact same impression.

It was like when a character thought they were going to win, but then came off second best as the opponent purposely saved their secret ability.

Aika shifted her gaze to me, seeking for an explanation, but Arisugawa-san swelled up.

A sound started to swell up in her throat and her entire body shook violently——

"I HATE YOU!"

She yelled while pointing at Aika.

"I just— ABSOLUTELY HATE YOU!"

That Arisugawa-san said.

That Arisugawa-san who's said to not have hated anyone.

Aika had paled so much that she looked pure white.

Two seconds passed without anything happening.

This… alone made it seem like a terrible moment.

"I've heard everything from Kimito-sama!"

Hearing that, Aika finally had a reaction.

"You mean——"

"I HATE YOU!"

…Id—

"FOOL[2]—!"

"……Haa?!"

Aika jumped to her feet.

“What’s the big idea?! You’ve heard it all, right?! So why wouldn’t you be grateful?!”

Arisugawa-san stiffened.

Without saying anything, she clenched her fists increasingly. And——

“WAAAAAAAAAA—!”

Leaped at Aika with her voice sounding like she was on the verge of tears.

She pushed and knocked Aika down on the bed

“FOOL! FOOL!”

She shouted.

“FOOL!”

Like a kid, she vented her anger frankly like that.

Aika was bewildered by this way too surprising ambush.

“CUT IT OUT—!”

Jumped up and reversed their positions.

However, soon Arisugawa-san regained the lead. So strong.

“K-Kimito! Help me out here—!”

“Why can you address him so casually?!”

Arisugawa-san tightly pressed Aika’s shoulders.

When I cautiously drew closer to stop them——

“And why does Kimito-sama call you ‘Aika’ too—?!”

“Eh—?”

Towards this sudden stray bullet[3] that had been flung at me, I ceased moving, not getting the meaning of what she said.

“W-Wait! Are you for real here?!”

Aika turned to Arisugawa-san:

“I don’t get you at all——!”

“You—!”

She was pinned down.

“If you had consulted with me from the start, it wouldn’t have come to this!”

I saw Arisugawa-san’s profile, whose white cheeks had reddened as if she was crying.

Her wig was sliding, her eyelashes coming off.

“You willfully abandoned us! You ran away! Why?! Such a thing! Why would you do such a thing?!”

“…! Such a thing?!”

Aika forced her back with an angry expression.

Changing the tides, she got on top of Arisugawa-san. The mattress bounced up.

“You wouldn’t understand! You normal! You’re really just such a normal! Just blow up already—!”

Now even Aika teared up.

Arisugawa-san blinked once in bewilderment, however…

“Do you have any idea how much worry you’ve caused?!”

She forced her back with both hands.

“I’ve kept worrying if it was about despisable shortcomings of mine, you know?! I’ve always calmed the people who were about to talk badly, you know?!”

“I-I didn’t ask you to!”

Aika Arisugawa-san’s intertwined with each other’s fingers and assumed some kind of strength contesting stance, starting to wrestle with each other like that.

“Being able to do just about anything and always looking down from the top!”

“I’ve never done such a thing!”

Arisugawa-san pushed.

“You should think of others more!”

“Didn’t I think of you—?!”

Aika forced her back.

“I handed my plan over, right?! And this is what I get?!”

“I-I’ve never asked you to!”

“I hate you too! I hate you, like, SO MUCH!”

“I really do hate you too!”

“I HATE YOU!”

“I HATE YOU!”

While their crossed fingers jostled, even I could hear their strong nasal breathing.

The classes most popular and most lonely girl were voicing their feelings and contesting in earnest[4].

I was overwhelmed by this spectacle.

They flopped onto the bed and struggled intensely with each other.

While the sheets got crumpled, they were locked in a grapple and squeaking at each each other.

Their panties were already in plain sight, both of **their thighs were entangled, and as both of their elastic and tender flesh was eating into each other, it gave birth to a magnificent Euclidean geometry.**

When Aika caught a pillow, I snapped out of it.
Arisugawa-san seized it too and they struggled for it.
Now was the right time.
“STOP—!”
When I rushed over to stop them—
“”SHUT UP—!””
They crashed it onto my face, voicing their discontent in harmony.
I collapsed onto the floor and was all out of strength.

Notes

1. It’s “明かりのこと” vs. “電気”. So “illuminating thingy/lamp” vs. “light”.

2. The usual “baka”. Normally, it’s written with katakana alone. In this case, it’s outdated kanji usage.

3. Furigana read “blame”.

4. Author is using a sumo term. I’m not fond of my sumo knowledge.

Epilogue

Thanks to room's dimensions and thickness of the walls, their surroundings had only heard the uproar, if at all, faintly. Even though numerous rumors had started, in the end it only amounted to 'What might've happened?'.

So nothing had changed.

Aika was passing the time in the classroom—alone yet again—and after school she played handheld games in my room.

By the way, her favorite was a cat pet communication game.

While the buttons were clicking away, she broke into a smile and mumbled, 'We'll always be friends, right?', to herself.

Lame enough to not even be funny anymore.

"Should we think of something again?"

While Aika was playing games on the bed, she pretended not to hear.

By the way, today she had even started to occupy the bed without asking as if it was her own. If she was going to complain about a 'commoners smell' on top of that, I was going to throw her off.

"Just think up something good. If it's you, you can become a commoner master before you know it. You're not ojou-sama-like to begin with and the way you talk is really just like a commoner would, right?"

That was mysterious after all. Haqua or Karen didn't use that 'desu wa' stuff either, but Aika talked like we would, without it feeling out of place at all.

"…I dunno why either."

"Eh?"

"I've been ordinary like the others too, back in the day, you know? Saying 'desu wa' and whatnot."

"Seriously?"

"When I was in fourth grade elementary, I've had an incredible fever

and was tied to the bed. When I opened my eyes, I was like this.”

“Ha…? The heck’s with that?”

“I don’t know. My memories from around that time are gone too. Something probably happened back then.”

“Hmm…”

Strange things really do happen.

“Also, it’s fine already!”

flop, she turned and faced up.

“Becoming friends with *her*—not happening.”

She probably meant, well, Arisugawa-san.

“It’s fine like this. Games and manga are fun. Plus, being with you is ——”

When she was about to say something, she pressed the pillow onto her mouth and went ‘FUGAFUGAFUMOFUMO!’.

I got the feeling that it had been her real thoughts and that it had been something that she didn’t want to be heard, but more importantly…

“Don’t stain it, alright?”

“I’m not staining anything! I’d rather make it cleaner!”

“AS IF!”

“Anyway—! The commoner club will continue! Got it?!”

“…Fine with me, but…”

“You and I are the members!”

“Yeah.”

creak—.

It was Haqua, opening the door.

“Hey. You came for a visit?”

She nodded deeply.

“I don’t want to visit the likes of you.”

That was Karen, closely behind her.

“Then why are *you* here?”

“There’s no need to answer the likes of you.”

She said and stared down at Haqua.

“Kimito…”

Haqua presented a small envelop.

Written on it was—— ‘Formal Club Application’.

“Could it be for… the commoner club?”

She nodded.

“Why? You’re incredibly busy, aren’t you?”

“Because I want to be with Kimito.”

Her transparent eyes were staring at me.

“I-I see…”

“I don’t want to be with the likes of you.” ← Karen

“I didn’t ask you.”

“However, due to certain circumstances I’m thinking it’d be fine for me to enter.”

Still having that serious expression, she, however, hugged Haqua tightly looking as if her body hadn’t been able to endure it anymore.

Haqua pushed Karen aside and hid behind my back.

“You—!”

“Don’t draw your sword! It’s dangerous, alright?!”

“Rest assured. I’ll send it on-spot to your neck.”

“WHY WOULD I REST ASSURED LIKE THAT?!”

Karin put her sword away appearing as if it was just inevitable.

And then she took another ‘Formal Club Application’ out of her pocket.

“Take it.”

I, well, took it, I didn’t have much of a choice.

“…Also… frankly, I’m interested in commoners.”

She muttered that in a small voice while turning away as if angry.

“…In short, you two want to join? Well——”

“H-Hold it right there—!”

Aika interrupted.

“What kinda talk are you willfully continuing right now?! V-Veto! I veto!”

“…?”

Which reminds me, when those two came around the other day she had been against it at first too, huh?

“What? …Which of them do you hate?”

“T-That’s not it!”

“Then what is it? They went out of their way to help you with all kinds of things, right?”

While Aika bit her lips, she glared at me with a vigor, that I thought I could hear her teeth grind.

“…Alright! Got it! Do what you want, alright?!”

“Why are you angry?”

Wasn’t it fine?

She had made friends.

She hadn’t been able to become popular in class but hey, we tackled problem from another side, right?

Well, if she sticks with being the loner cut off from everyone, then even if we’re doing ojou-sama school club activities, doing them with her alone would lead the term kind of ad absurdum…

CREAK—!

That moment——

“Kimito-sama!”

Arisugawa-san entered with a gallant smile.

Positioning herself in front of me, she handed me something over.

It was an official ‘Formal Club Application’—but put into a reinforced envelope and tied with a ribbon.

“Please let me join the commoner club!”

“Hee……? ……Why?”

“T-That’s…”

Arisugawa-san was fidgeting around for some reason.

“If I had to say something, then it’d be for my future…”

“…?”

Ah, I see—— I realized.

Surely Arisugawa-san wants to try and become good friends with Aika.

So she created a chance for that. She’s really a good person, huh…?

“Got it. Welcome.”

When I was about to take the ‘Formal Club Application’——

SNATCH—! Aika seized my wrist.

“Don’t wanna! She alone is an absolute no!”

Figured as much, but you know…

“Don’t say that, alright? Quite frankly, Arisugawa-san’s the one reaching her hand out to you here, right? That’s how it is, isn’t it, Arisuga——”

“Wouldn’t it be fine for *you* to leave if you don’t like it?”

“SHE’S NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOT ————————————————?!”

“Also, Kimito-sama!”

“Y-Yes?”

“Please call me ‘Reiko’—!”

“…?”

“Wai— What the heck’s wrong with you now?!”

Aika got angry.

“Aren’t you already fine with having your tea parties with everyone in class, being all ‘kyaakyaa ufufu’?!”

“Of course. I’ll be good friends with everyone in class and will do club activities. Isn’t that normal?”

“Gu…?!”

The loner Aika was at a loss due to the normal's thrust.

"…Y-You hate me, right?!"

"My, Aika-sama, you silly goose…"

She smiled.

"I've never come to hate anyone in my life, you know?"

She expressed a smile like a white rose.

However, different from how it was until now, it had a secret ghastliness to it or as if the rose had sprouted thorns…

"By all means, I want us to become good friends, Aika-sama."

"UGE—"

Aika made a face that disqualified her as an ojou-sama.

"As far as I'm concerned, it would be a pity, but I will respect Aika-sama's wish."

She opened the door with a smile.

"Please, the exit is this way."

Hasn't Arisugawa-san's character kinda changed…?

"*YOU* LEAVE!"

Aika pushed her. It turned into a haggle.

"I must refuse!"

"Leave!"

"AFTER YOU!"

Uwa, I must stop them…

"Hey, Kagurazaka…"

"What?"

Karen asked me while gazing at the two of them in apparent wonderment.

"Since when have those two become so close?"

Eh…?

"Go back to your cave, normal!"

"Aren't you the one who wants to rather be in a cave?!"

“Stuuupid, stuuupid!”

“You’re the fool here!”

…Maybe… I can also look at it this way…

Every time this weirdo Aika bumps heads with her, she says exactly what she wants to.

And if I keep going by my commoner sense, for this *Arisugawa-san, the living incarnation of a field full of alpine flowers, respected by everyone in class, to become like this…*

“When did you guys become friends?”

“”WHO IS?!””

“I do not wish to become anything like friends with the likes of you!”

“I refuse all the same! ——You…!”

“Ihyahyahya?!”

Aika pulled Arisugawa-san’s cheeks. Promptly, the favor got returned.

“HIYA————————?!”

It was nothing but a tragedy, as if two parrots on bad terms had been put into the same cage.

“Stop it—!”

When I tried to cut in and stop them, my vision—— *plop*, got covered by some lukewarm and sweet-smelling cloth.

It were grey panties.

“HAKUA—!”

Stark naked, she was scribbling diagrams all over the wall.

“H-How stupid! Totally… haa, haa… stupid—!” ← Karen

“What are you taking pics for?!”

When I was about to confiscate it right away——

Kujou-san appeared.

After she had taken a look at the jostling Aika and Arisugawa-san

—— she looked at me.

I was holding the confiscated mobile and pointed it exactly at the stark naked, stretched out Haqua.

Without the slightest tremor in Kujou-san's—in my case—default despising eyes, she went out to the hallway.

And immediately returned.

"What's with those huge scissors?! What are you trying to scissor?! Why that intense look on my lower half?!"

No good! If this goes on, there won't be any heir to the throne!

While I looked at the phone's display, I raised my voice as much as I could.

"Muscle vids are the best after all, huh?! **If I could have a wish, I'd love to live my life between two macho buttocks —!"**

…Instantly, everything fell dead silent.

Even Aika and Arisugawa-san ceased quarreling, just every human being in this place, every onlooker who had come over to witness the spectacle, grew silent.

"I am sorry to have doubted you. Kagurazaka-sama is a unique person who has no sexual interest whatsoever in anything but macho men, after all."

Kujou-san bowed and closed the door.

"Eh… What…? What's the meaning of…?"

"…Kimito-sama?"

Aika was shaking, Arisugawa-san's eyes were empty.

"…"

"Pervert! There's a pervert right here…!"

Though it was the same as always, Haqua's gaze felt like it had hit freezing point.

While holding herself at bay, Karen's katana was shaking.

"D-Don't look! Don't look at me! I mean— Wait! Don't just try to secretly unsheath it without a word! I'll explain it! So don't look at me

like this! Please—— PLEASE LISTEN TO MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE————————!”

To have them quietly listen to me, I’d need a seppuku garment.

Aika's Dream

Aika was seeing a dream.

It was around Winter when she had been ten years old.

"There's someone we want you to meet," her parents invited her. It had been the only time she had left the school.

A dream of memories lost.

I was bored.

Loitering at the party without anything to do.

My parents had gone to a room upstairs with some other adults because of an 'urgent talk' or something, and not even having met that person they wanted me to meet, they had left me alone.

Now that it had come to this, I was at a place with no children around, only adults I didn't know.

Not knowing anything about 'outside' and as being here was a first, I was scared and didn't even have the courage to get something to eat.

Some kind onee-sans and onii-sans[1] came to talk to me, but just about everything scared me and I kept running away.

When I was staring at the grand Christmas tree, that had been set up in the lobby, absentmindedly——

"What are you doing?"

I met him.

I wasn't scared as he was just about as old as I was.

And he was cool.

His going-out wardrobe, with a necktie even, suited him amazingly well. He looked really smart.

"I've been enchanted by the tree."

I said kind of nervously.

"And how about you?"

“I’ve gotta kill some time, so I thought about going outside for a bit.”

“You want to take a stroll in the yard?”

Thereupon, he smiled proudly and broadly.

It had been an expression I saw for the first time in my life.

It felt… like a breeze.

“Not just that, the real outside. Getting out of here and go there.”

“…Outside…”

When I had come here, I had seen it from inside the car. But I had only seen it, that place as it had passed by the window.

“Wanna go?”

As soon as I was asked, I nodded.

Then let’s go, the boy said and I stuck with him.

And he told me that he had come here several times, had found a secret spot where to escape through and had also done it before.

“This way.”

When he took my hand, it startled me a bit.

The park at night. Countless lights were lined up on the spacious lawn like candles and made it into a magical scenery. I passed through this scene while being lead by the hand.

A Fairy. I felt like I had been taken by a fairy like in the stories I had read.

And then I arrived ‘outside’.

The street was cramped with cars that connected rows of white and red lamps.

There were buildings that seemed to reach up to the heavens and the surrounding plazas were decorated with lights which were sparkling like blue jewels. I saw people who took a stroll or sat on benches.

It was completely different from my usual school[2]. It felt like a dream.

The Christmas sparkling also seemed much more sparkly than at the party.

It might've been because I was with him.

My breath was white and floated up, disappearing before long. I had no coat and it was awfully cold.

"Can't be helped…"

He immediately said and put the coat he had been wearing half forcibly onto me.

"T-Thank you very much…"

The coat's warmth slowly soaked into my head and cheeks.

"Let's go to the super[3]."

"Super?"

The place called 'super' had completely white illumination and consisted of countless things cramped into a room.

I thought that it was a storehouse. A standing onii-san was on lookout.

The boy headed to a bookshelf on the far side and started reading a massive book. He's smart, I thought.

He looked at me with his eyes saying, 'You're not gonna read?', so I tried to do the same. I wanted to know what kind of thing he was reading.

It was similar to a picture book. Numerous pictures and words lined up per page, scattered all over it, it couldn't be read just like that.

Seeing me like that, he made a worried face for a moment and then said 'Let's buy some sweets'.

I knew he was taking my situation into account, I felt sorry. It made me sad that I wasn't able to read what he read.

We went to another shelf and the 'sweets' the boy took in his hand were neither cookies nor cake. What might it be? It was being held in a particular sack.

He handed the man on duty something over and got the sweets put into a bag.

When I asked him what he had handed over to the man, the boy was

surprised and replied, ‘It was the cash.’. When I asked him what cash was, he got even more surprised.

“Hee…”

When I told him that it was the first time that I had gone outside the school, he seemed to find it rare.

We were sitting on a bench on the plaza from earlier.

This bar-something had a curious taste, a bit strong, but I hadn’t eaten anything on the party, so it was really good.

When I said it’s tasty, it seemed to make him happy.

It was awfully cold and after we had eaten, we didn’t do anything else, but it was fun for me to just be with him.

The onii-san and onee-san pairs around us were all having a good time talking with each other too. They really must feel the same, I thought.

And then I noticed something.

“…Everyone… talks nothing like me.”

“Normally, no one talks like you,” he said, “I don’t either, right?”

That was true indeed. In that case——

“I, too, want to live up to that.”

Thereupon, his face became somewhat amused and he said, “Then let’s practise”.

“Let’s try imitating that onee-san over there first.”

In a whisper, he pointed at the onee-san on the bench next to us.

…More like, aren’t ya treatin’ me just awfully?

“More… like…? Aren’t ya—— treatin’ me…”

HAA?! Hold it— What are you brabblin’, stupid!

“Haa. Hold it— What are you… babbling?”

“Pffft—”

He cackled.

I attempted several times after that. Even when he said, ‘How about we stop already?’, I didn’t. Because from all she had been wishing

for this far, this was the strongest wish.

“Aika, you really believe all kinds of stuff, huh?”

“People do kee—— Everyone’s saying… that…?”

“If you overdo that, you’ll die, you know?”

“EEEH—?!”

“That was a lie.”

“Muu…”

“Sorry.”

“…My teacher also says I’m too upfront.”

“Yeah.”

“Does ****** dislike people like me?”

“I don’t really dislike that.”

Directly after saying that, he sneezed grandly.

This day, it was even cold enough for it to possibly snow.

“I’m returning the coat!”

“It’s fine!”

He put his arm around my shoulder.

I was startled.

I was startled and—— …happy about his gentleness.

The Christmas lights were glittering in the air of this freezing night and his body clinging close to me felt pleasantly warm—it had a warm feeling in his arms.

Somehow, I seemed to be about ready to cry even though I smiled.

It would be nice if this could last forever—— I thought.

She woke up.

Aika woke up from the dream.

I———————————— remember.

“……”

Being in bed with her teary eyes wide open, she couldn't move.
She knew who that boy was.
He was even quite close by.

"……That was…… Kimito……"

Notes

1. That's how you call strangers who're too young to be called uncle/auntie.
2. Furigana say "reality".
3. He's using a short-handle for convenience store.

Afterword

I like ojou-samas.

I really like characters that end their sentences with desu~

When they speak like that, the moe level of them in my heart increases sharply.

How sharp is the increase? If measured using the average unit of measurement, it would be as much as leggings.

Although it's a normal unit of measurement only for me.

My friend's wife came out of a school for female nobles herself. She told me stories about her alma-mater.

It seems like the students at there never fought before, and acted just like flowers full in bloom.

Other than that. the male teachers in the school were had good relationships with the students.It was even natural for them to marry the students.

What kind of world is this. Why didn't I purse a teaching license in college……

My memory is a little muddled, so I can't be sure of the story's truth……But if such a place exists how would it look like? Thus, I let my imagination and yearning run wild.

I wrote down the type of [Ojou-samas] that I yearned indefinitely for.

They became a special existence to me.

If this book could let everyone of you to pass the time happily, it would be my honor.

Many thanks to illustrator Risumai-san for his cute illustrations of Aika and others; K井-san for his careful editing; the people in the promoting department who didn't give my up after many obstacles to promote for me; Fuku Tsukasa-san who gave me precious advice despite being so busy; and of course, my dear readers.

From today onwards I shall continue doing my best.

2011 September

Takafumi Nanatsuki

▲

Hi everyone. I am Rifumai who's responsible for the illustrations.

Does everyone like 'Ore ga Ojousama Gakkou ni "Shomin Sample" Toshite Rachirareta Ken'?

I hope my illustrations can increase the colourfulness of this world, as well as bringing in positiveness.

Because some readers would read the afterword first before starting on the content, I will not bring up anything about the content. However, I do personally think that Aika is very cute, just like a small animal. I hope through my illustrations, she would be more excellent in the future.

Finally, I give my utmost thanks to the dear readers!

See you next time.

もう、こうなったからには……
お嫁にもらって頂くしかない。
お嬢様オブお嬢様
有栖川麗子（ありすがわれいこ）

どうしてモノクロですの?!
裸である点はスルーですか
仕様による都合ですが何か
ドSのメイド長
九条みゆき

Credits

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